

# THE HASTINGS CONSERVER.

VOLUME V.—NO. 26.

HASTINGS, DAKOTA COUNTY, MINNESOTA, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1865.

\$2 00 PER YEAR.

## THE CONSERVER.

BY IRVING TODD & BRO.



TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1865.

### Union Nominations.

**For Governor,**  
WILLIAM R. MARSHALL.  
**For Lieutenant Governor,**  
THOMAS H. ARBUTHNOT.  
**For Secretary of State,**  
HENRY C. ROBERTS.  
**For State Treasurer,**  
CHARLES SCHIEFFER.  
**For Attorney General,**  
WILLIAM COVILLE.

### County Ticket.

**For Senator,**  
W. G. LE DUC.  
**For Representative,**  
H. G. O. MORRISON.  
**For Judge of Probate,**  
J. C. COOPER.  
**For Sheriff,**  
F. C. CARPENTER.  
**For Register of Deeds,**  
JOHN KENNEDY.  
**For Clerk of the District Court,**  
N. J. MARSH.  
**For County Attorney,**  
L. VAN SLYCK.  
**For County Surveyor,**  
C. H. LOWELL.  
**For Court Commissioner,**  
F. H. HARTSHORN.  
**For Coroner,**  
W. H. FELTON.  
**For County Commissioner, First District,**  
R. J. MARVIN.  
**For County Commissioner, Second District,**  
ANTHONY REED.

### The M. E. Conference.

The eleventh session of the Minnesota Annual Conference met in Faribault on the 21st ult., Bishop Edward Thompson, D. D., presiding. The following are the appointments in this district: St. Paul District—J. F. Chadwick, P. E. St. Paul, Jackson Street—D. Cobb. Market St.—J. W. Martin. Minneapolis—J. Quigley. St. Anthony—F. R. Berry. Taylor's Falls—W. McKinley. Stillwater—To be supplied. Newport—T. Day. Farmington—John Garner and J. Benson. Shakopee—L. Gleason. Anoka—N. Lathrop. Minneapolis Circuit—J. D. Rich. Princeton—A. Cressy. Monticello—H. J. Shaffner. Diamond Lake—D. Brooks. Taynesville and Forest City—J. Smith. St. Cloud—C. G. Wood. Clearwater—C. T. Barkala. Hastings—M. Rogers. Excelsior—To be supplied. Sauk Centre—B. A. Kemp.

**Public Speaking.**  
Hon. Ignatius Donnelly announces the following appointments for this fall's campaign:

- Oct. 9—Cannon Falls.
- " 12—Wabasha.
- " 13—Plainville.
- " 14—Lake City.
- " 17—Anoka.
- " 18—Monticello.
- " 19—Clearwater.
- " 20—St. Cloud.
- " 24—Red Wing.
- " 26—Stillwater.
- " 27—Marine.
- " 28—Taylor's Falls.
- " 31—Chaska.
- Nov. 1—Carver.
- " 2—St. Anthony.
- " 3—Minneapolis.
- " 4—St. Paul.
- " 6—Hastings.

Meetings to be held at such hours as local committees may appoint.

### Biel's Comet Coming.

The celebrated comet, discovered in 1826 by Baron Von Biela, is expected again to make its appearance early in November. It has a recurrence of about six and a half years; and in January, 1846, it was noticed at the national observatory in Washington, as also at Cincinnati, that it was divided so as to form as it were two comets, sweeping along side by side; and in 1859, when last seen, these two nuclei had separated themselves from each other more than 1,500,000 miles. When appearing next month, it will be close to the four bright stars forming the well-known square of Pegasus.

### Attempt at Murder.

A Frenchman by the name of Prudent Lemaie attempted to murder another one named Frank Belot at Prescott last Tuesday. Lemaie enticed his comrade off the raft by an inducement of better wages at farming, and, getting him into the bushes, knocked him down with a rock, robbed him, and left him for dead. Coming back he bought a new suit of clothes and returned to the raft. Belot recovered in a few hours and managed to crawl back into town and have the scoundrel arrested and committed for trial.

Our cotemporary, with no less reason than manners, gives us away to the copperheads of the city. Not wishing to be outbid in politeness, we respectfully tender him to the devil.

### The Fair.

The seventh annual state fair, alas the third annual fair of the Hennepin County agricultural society, opened at the grounds of the Hennepin County agricultural society, Minneapolis, on Wednesday, Sept. 27th, and lasted three days. The number in attendance was quite large, estimated at from three to six thousand each day. The grounds were well contrived, with good, substantial buildings, and enclosed by a durable fence. About \$15,000 had been expended by the directors in fitting up and completing the arrangements. They are a credit to the town, and intended to be permanent.

Floral Hall was the greatest inducement for sight seekers, and was crowded at most times to the extent of its capacity. It is built in the form of a Maltese cross, with an entrance at either angle, and occupied by the vegetable, mechanical, household, and fine arts departments. The wing nearest the gate was allotted to farm products, and to our eyes presented the most interesting feature of the whole. Mammoth beets, melons, squashes, etc., here predominated, but the variety of potatoes excelled. We were not mistaken, a few weeks since, in announcing that this crop was the largest and finest in the state. Passing to the right, were choice specimens of wheat, oats, buckwheat, and other seeds, and lengthy stalks of broom corn and sugar cane. A pot of tobacco in bloom attracted considerable notice from lovers of the weed. Next were the sewing machines, presided over by the young ladies, who excelled in piercing the hearts of their surrounding admirers as well as the bits of cloth spread out before them. A lot of tanned leather from Cannon Falls, cabinet organs from St. Paul, and we were into the space filled with agricultural implements. A lot of fanning mills, among them the champion of Hastings, specimens of Minnesota brick, washing machines, churns, stoves, ploughs, etc. An automatic grate for both foot passengers and carriages, by G. W. Hatch, Minneapolis, is a good thing. Also a double dash churn, by the same exhibitor. T. W. Pierce, of the same place, has no improved stock feeder, a cane stripper, and a novel bee hive, made of corn cobs. Force pumps, iron fence, wooden ware, horse shoes, models for reapers, refrigerators, and writing desks, cases of insects, grave stones, etc. were scattered around profusely. A novel churn, propelled by weights, was surrounded by inquisitive farmers' wives and dairy men. We object to such arrangements, for the reason that it takes away half the boy's occupation, leaving him nothing but driving cows and picking up chips.

The fine arts consisted mainly of enterprising photographers' advertisements, bedquits, slippers, bead and patch work, and articles of that ilk. There were also good displays of home made cloth, furs, book binding, etc. The fruit and flowers filled the center of the hall. There were a few apples, a better display of which could be afforded here at home, some fine grapes, a few plums, crab apples, and gooseberries, stalk of a raspberry bush, and some nice bouquets, one of which came from the garden of Mrs. S. G. Bonick, of Hastings, and potted plants. The display of bread, butter, cheese, maple sugar, syrup, honey, jellies, and other domestic productions, though not large, seemed very good of the kind.

On the north side of the enclosure were the horse, sheep, and cattle stalls, nicely built and arranged. The display of horses was nothing bragable for Minnesota. Some fine Devon and Durham bulls were on exhibition, besides cows and heifers. The show of sheep and swine was more complete, and very fair. Our townsman Gen. W. G. Le Due, had three of his Cashmere goats on the ground, which elicited no little inquiry. S. D. Balch, of Empire City, had eight Spanish Merino bucks, besides other fine sheep.

Of course the great attraction was the philosopher of *The Tribune*, the Hon. Horace Greeley, who spoke on Wednesday and Thursday. His addresses were sound to the core, and well received. We regret that we were unable to give the substance for the benefit of our readers.

The races were, for the most part, slim affairs, though designed as the main feature of the exhibition. In our opinion, a horse that can't go round a mile track in less than 3:35 had better be drawing the plough or family carriage. On Thursday, however, there was some fine trotting, and some excellent horses brought out.

We regard the fair as a success, that is, considered as a local arrangement solely. Most of the articles displayed came from in and about Hennepin County, and their pamphlets called it the third annual fair of the Hennepin County agricultural society. By handbills, the races, and announcement of Horace Greeley as orator, a large crowd was secured, and thus what little prestige they acquired was gained. But as a fair from a great state as Minnesota, it was slim enough.

Hon. D. F. Langley, one of the commissioners appointed by the governor to take the soldier's votes in Minnesota and frontier posts, returned to this city on Friday last. The points already visited are Georgetown, Ft. Abercrombie, Old Crossing, Pomme Deterre, Alexandria, Sauk Centre, Ft. Ripley, Princeton. About three hundred ballots are deposited in the St. Paul post-office, and the balance will be collected early in the month. Of these Dakota County has upwards of twenty-five now in.

### New Publications.

**Minnesota Gazette and Business Directory for 1865.**—We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Groff & Bailey, St. Paul, a copy of this work. To business men it is invaluable, and should have a place in every counting room, not only of this state, but in towns with which Minnesota men do business. Although there are some mistakes, unavoidable in the first issuing of such a work, yet it is mainly correct in essential particulars.

Of this city it speaks as follows: "Hastings, the county seat of Dakota County, is situated on the west bank of the Mississippi River, three miles above the mouth of Lake St. Croix, and is the natural outlet for a large extent of country. It occupies a most beautiful sight, rising by easy grades to the prairie, presenting a variety of building spots, and appearing to excellent advantage from the river. It lies upon a bed of fine stone, which is valuable as material for building, and forms an excellent base upon which to build streets, two or three of which are now complete and apparently as durable as adamant. On the south of Hastings, is the Vermillion River which forms a beautiful cascade within the city limits, leaping a distance of sixty feet at a single bound, and whirling in a swift current lined with falls for a full half a mile, affording water power for an immense amount of machinery, while the stream, in which the water is remarkably pure, is susceptible of being carried into the city for the use of the inhabitants.

As early as 1853, a few persons were attracted to Hastings, but not until 1855 did it take any decided start, after which its growth was wonderful until the reverses of 1857, when it in common with other eastern cities received a check, since which its growth has been gradual, but nevertheless constant, and at the same time contains a population of nearly 3,000 souls.

As a commercial point it possesses advantages scarcely equalled in the state, commanding the trade of an area of a hundred miles of interior country, fertile and populous. Hastings affording a market for productions, while it is no less a depot of supplies. An immense quantity of goods, lumber, etc., are yearly sold at Hastings, and men in business here, as a general thing, prosper.

As a grain depot, few places possess the advantages that Hastings does, and to accommodate this trade many large and imposing warehouses have been erected, and of the harvest of 1863, full 500,000 bushels of wheat were stored here, besides a considerable quantity that was shipped before the close of the navigation. Of the crop of 1864, nearly so much was brought here, owing to light crops, and low prices which has failed to bring it forward. It was no uncommon thing in the winter of 1863 and 1864 for three hundred teams laden with wheat to visit Hastings in a single day, and there is every reason to believe that it will be repeated the coming winter, should there be good crops and fair prices.

The congregation of Hings, is good, and thrifty societies of Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Roman Catholics support ministers and have regular services. New England has contributed materially to our society, but the young and vigorous of almost all the states are represented here, while we have a considerable representation of the industrial classes of the Old World. The Minnesota Central University is located here, and, although in its infancy, is not without pretensions of becoming one of the first educational institutions in the state. Public schools are maintained in the city for nine months in the year, sufficient moneys accruing from the public funds to meet the expense. Nine teachers are now employed in the public schools, but adequate buildings are not in possession of the city, though there is a growing disposition which must culminate in their erection at an early day.

**The Atlantic Monthly for October** has the following table of contents: Saints who have had Bodies; No Time like the Old Time; Coupon Bonds, II.; The Author of "Saul"; Needle and Garden, X.; John Jordan; Noel; Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship, II.; Doctor Johns, IX.; Down the River; Abraham Lincoln: Reviews and Literary Notices. By Ticknor & Fields, Boston, Mass.

**The Citizen** we regard as the best New York weekly, and commend it to our readers for spice, fearlessness, and originality. Terms \$3 per annum. Address *The Citizen*, 40 Park Row, New York.

**Lyrics of Life.**—This little volume by Robert Browning is the fourth in the series of Companion Poets for the People. Price 50 cts. Address the publishers, Ticknor & Fields, Boston, Mass.

**Marmet Ben.**—A novel from Hilton & Co., 128 Nassau Street, New York. Price 25 cts. For sale at the book-stores.

### The State Fair.

To the Editor of *The Conserver*: I have just returned from the state fair, so called, held in Minneapolis, Hennepin County, and, as the thing seems to have been a fraud from first to last, I wish to state a few facts with respect to the management. It will be remembered by every one that the bills that were thrown all over the state called it the state fair, and I presume every one went, as I did, supposing it to be such. But almost the first thing that attracted my attention after reaching the fair grounds was a pamphlet with this heading: Third Annual Fair of the Hennepin County Agricultural Society, to be held at Minneapolis, Hennepin County. Said pamphlet contains the rules and regulations of the Hennepin County Agricultural Society. How is this? Did Hennepin County intend to defraud the balance of the state by throwing out her bills calling it a state fair, and then acting precisely as though it was a matter of their own and simply a county fair? If so, then I think Hennepin County did a great wrong. But as long one supposed it to be a state fair I shall treat it as such. In the first place, I find that all the officers of the so called state fair are from Hennepin County, or nearly all; if there be an exception it only proves the rule. This strikes me rather singular.

But I will pass on and notice the workings of this state society. In their programme for each day I find for the second day in the afternoon exhibition of stations of all kinds. Now let us see how that was carried out. I had just returned from Minneapolis, where I had been to get a shoe set upon my horse, when I was informed by a friend that they were looking at the stallions upon the track. I went to the committee, showed them the time set for the exhibition of stallions, and asked for at least one half hour as my horse had just come in all wet, but it was no use, the chairman said some of the committee had got to leave and they must go ahead with it. Again, a citizen of Minneapolis told me that, previous to my coming on to the ground with my horse, Mr. Bowman, whose horse took the first premium, came on the ground with his horse, and that Mr. Clark said to him as he passed before the committee, we are well acquainted with your horse, Mr. Bowman, the committee know him well etc., etc., inferring from that, that Mr. Bowman had the premium before he came on the ground. I have always supposed that committees of that kind could not go behind the record, and certainly they have no business to know any thing of a horse except what they see of him at the time. Again, some time during the same day another friend came to me and says take your mare and go before the committee as they are judging mares. I did so as soon as I could find them, when I was very gravely informed by the chairman of said committee, that they were not judging sucking colts but brood mares. Listen, ye Gods, did you ever hear? Did any one ever hear of a committee of five men supposed to be learned in horsemanship, very gravely deliberating upon the relative merits of from fifteen to twenty mares as brood mares, when there was not one particle of evidence that they had ever reared a foal or ever would if there ever has been another such folly perpetrated, I hope some one will speak and let it be known. So much for the Hennepin County committee with respect to their style of doing business, etc. I hope no one will say that this complaint is because I got no premium on my horse, for that is not the fact. It is because I got the premium that I complain.

I think there will be found no one outside Hennepin County, not one hundred inside, to dispute this allegation, that I have on my side, and who believe that the Green Mountain was the best, and not only the best, but that there was no other horse shown against him that could in any particular compare with him. Now I say again, I have the multitude, men, women and children, that is why I complain, because they did not see fit to condemn the decision of the multitude. It certainly must leave a suspicion on the mind of every one, that they were governed by local prejudices and favoritism.

But let me say that there was a portion of that committee who was here from the first to last to place themselves right before the state at large, but they stated to me they were entirely powerless. Now, then, I have a proposition to make to the Hennepin County Committee, or to the county at large, and it is this: I will take my horse, Green Mountain, and they may take Mr. Bowman's horse, or for that matter, any other in the county, take them to any county in the state where neither horse is known, and from the citizens select twelve horse men, men known as such, and let them decide which is the best horse. I will guarantee that my horse shall be backed from the amount of from one to ten thousand dollars. This proposition is made in good faith. Let me say in conclusion, that I had other stock on the ground, but refused to show it when I found how the thing was being managed. If this shall operate in the least as an obstacle to this flood tide of local prejudice and favoritism, which I believe is the great base of agricultural societies, I shall have been amply rewarded.

If the above proposition is accepted, and I should win, I will donate the amount to the state agricultural society, when such an institution shall be found to exist in any other form than in name.

**LOCAL AFFAIRS.**  
**FROST.**—This part of the country was visited by a severe frost on Sunday night, 1st inst., being the first of the season. Pretty well this for a "frozen country."  
**MAMMOTH BEET.**—MR. DANIEL CADWELL, of Vermillion, brought us in a large sugar beet last week, weighing about twelve lbs., and hard to beat. It is the largest of the kind that we ever saw.  
**LARGE YIELD.**—JOHN ELSTON, of Empire City, in this county, threshed three hundred and fifty bushels of wheat off of ten acres this fall. This is a very large crop even for Minnesota, and considerably above the average.  
**CHANGE.**—HERZOG & McGRATH have sold their store on Second Street to the Merchants' National Bank. It will at once be fitted up in good shape, ready for their use, and they will change their base of operations in a few weeks.  
**LEVY IMPROVEMENTS.**—Our city fathers are doing a good thing on our levee, removing loose stones and rubbish, filling up holes, and leveling, for which they deserve credit. We have, by all odds, the best levee on the upper Mississippi, when in good order as it should, and undoubtedly will be.

**TO TOWN AND SCHOOL DISTRICT OFFICERS.**—Our county auditor has just received and now has ready for delivery the poll lists and blanks for township returns of the next general election in November, and he informs us that a number of the clerks of school districts in this county have not yet called for or received their blanks for their annual reports to be filed on or before Oct. 15th. The friends of education should remember that, unless this annual report is made, their respective school districts will not receive any portion of the general school funds. Let those interested see that this matter is not neglected.

**DIED.**  
In this city, Sept. 27th, 1865, at 4 o'clock A. M., MR. ALBERT T. NORTON, aged 86 years.  
In Hastings, Sept. 28th, 1865, by the Rev. J. M. Rogers, Mr. T. McDONALD and Miss A. N. JENNISON.  
Also the same day, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. J. M. Rogers, Mr. CHARLES L. LEWIS and Miss A. C. FOSTER, both of this city.

**MARRIED.**  
On the 30th of September, by the Rev. J. M. Rogers, at the residence of Mr. A. F. Stone, Mr. JOHN LUCAS and Miss SARAH M. BROWN, all of Hastings.  
In Hastings, Sept. 19th, 1865, by the Rev. C. S. LEBUE, HARRY P. LOWATER and Miss KENTLEY MAINE, all of this county.  
In Cannon Falls, at the parsonage, Aug. 31st, 1865, by the Rev. W. H. SOULE, Mr. JOHN E. WILSON and JANE DANIELS, both of Dakota County.

**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.**  
STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF DAKOTA—ss. Probate Court.

At a general session of the probate court held at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in and for said county of Dakota, Monday the 24 day of October, A. D. 1865, Present: Seagrave Smith, Judge.

In the matter of the petition of Harriet P. Norton, the widow of Albert T. Norton, late of the city of Hastings, in said county, deceased, intestate, praying for reasons set forth in said petition that letters of administration on the estate of said deceased be granted to her.

On reading and filing said petition it is ordered that the same be heard at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, on the 25th day of October, A. D. 1865, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day.

It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in *The Hastings Conserver*, a newspaper printed and published in the city of Hastings, once in each week for three successive weeks prior to said 25th day of October, A. D. 1865.

SEAGRAVE SMITH, Judge of Probate.

26-4w

NEW FIRM AND NEW GOODS.

G. S. BROWNING & Co.

Having taken a partner and largely increased the stock have on hand a full, choice, and complete assortment of

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Hastings, Oct. 24, 1865. 26-4f

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lieve it the fundamental elements of our national safeguard. I am not jealous of the negro, and am willing to let him rise to his proper level and condition.

Mr. Rice opened by stating that he was somewhat embarrassed at appearing before you as a candidate seeking your votes. If I am not right I do not wish them. My opponent speaks of hanging. I wish no man hung. Hope there is no occasion for it. I am a democrat. When the war broke out I rose above party. I supported the president, Andrew Johnson. The national question is whether we shall continue to support him. I supported Abraham Lincoln. We must have some one to support. I believe that Johnson knows the temper of the southern states. We wish them back again in the Union, and united with us. We war democrats elected Andrew Johnson. He is in favor of letting each state regulate its own internal affairs. We have passed through a great war. The great ship of state leans badly. We must go slowly. So far as negro suffrage is concerned I am unhesitatingly and unequivocally opposed to it in this state. The time has not yet come. When they can show themselves entitled to the rights of citizenship let them have it. We want men to build up our young state. I am an old resident, and, in common with others, have done all I can to induce emigration. I will aid the negro. We owe them a great debt. Yet we are not ready to give them universal suffrage. If we do this we must allow them to hold office. The executive of a state has nothing to do with national affairs. This is for congress. We have, as a state, passed through a great struggle, Indian wars and then the rebellion. We want men, not negroes. While we accord the negroes their just rights, yet we must not cripple ourselves. We wish to build up a great state. Yet, can we do it by wasting our sickly sympathy upon the colored race? I believe in colonization. Our taxes are weighing heavily upon us. They are burdening the bene and sinew of the land. One class is taxed and the other untaxed. I want the thing equalized. Let the bond-holders be taxed. We of the north-west depend upon the productions of the soil. Protective tariffs are a good thing for the sterile soil of New England, but we have to pay it. I believe in patronizing home manufactures. The south want power. They have always had it. When it is suited to their plans they will give the negro the right of suffrage. My position is this. While I support the administration, I oppose negro suffrage in this state without qualification. I hope I will not be misunderstood. This is a white man's government. It is not injustice to deprive the negro of the elective franchise. If my position is not correct you will inform me of it about the 7th of November. I submit to your verdict.

**LOCAL NOTICES.**  
WILLSON is receiving his new goods by the quantities, and piles of them are on exhibition at the cheap cash store on Second Street. Drop in and see.

NEWMAN is receiving piles of new goods, of the best grades, and warranted to be as represented. Call at the old stand in Exchange Block and look at the assortment.

BRUSHES! BRUSHES!!—At Brick Drug Store you will find a fine line of white wash, paint, varnish, dusting, artist's, hair, nail, tooth, and other brushes, and all sold low for cash. Look in at Marvin's before you buy.

Boots and shoes, dry goods and Yankee notions, at Mues', on Second Street, new goods and piles of them. Store refitted and refilled. A large assortment, bought expressly for this market. Give him a call.

IRVING TODD & BRO. are agents for the Provident Life Insurance and Investment Company, of Chicago, Ill. Capital \$1,000,000. Insures against accidents of every description. Call or send for a circular. 17-4f

MACOMBER is in the market with goods lower than ever. Watches, clocks, jewelry, silver, and plated ware, of the best quality and latest patterns and designs. Repairing and engraving done to order and in good style. Cash paid for old gold and silver.

VOCAL MUSIC.—Prof. G. W. PRATT, recently from Boston, will give a public lecture, illustrated with singing, by all the choirs of the city, united, on Friday evening next, at 7 o'clock, at the Methodist church. The public are respectfully invited to attend.

N. B. The singers are requested to bring the "Jubilee."



## THE CONSERVER.

IRVING TODD & BRO.,  
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Office Over the Bank of Hastings,  
Exchange Block, Second Street.

## The Rich Men of New York—How

No bank clerk on the salary of a thousand dollars a year goes to his bank as regularly, or works as many hours, as Wm. B. Astor, who counts up his forty millions. His little one story office, a stop or two from Broadway, on Prince Street, with its iron bars, making it resemble a police prison, is the den where he performs his daily toll, and out of all his wealth and labor gets only "hisivetuals and clothes." He attends personally to all his business, knows every dollar of rent or income due, pays out every dollar makes his entries in his own hand, and obliges his subordinates to come to him for information while he does not go to them. He generally comes down in the omnibus at an early hour in the day, and remains closely absorbed in business until 5 o'clock. He rarely takes exercise and finds his pleasure in the closest attention to business. A friend of mine rode to Washington with him in the same car from New York. He neither spoke nor got out of his seat, and he moved, from Jersey City to Washington. He usually leaves his office at 5 o'clock, and walks slowly up Broadway to Lafayette place. He is over six feet high, heavily built, with a decided German look, small, hazel eyes, as if he was half asleep, head round as a pumpkin and about as destitute of hair. He is exceedingly hospitable, and in "the season" gives a dinner to his friends weekly, at which the richest vintners, in service of gold and silver, are presented by liveried servants to his guests. Commodore Vanderbilt never worked harder in his life, never worked more hours than now. He has a confidential clerk who works like a packhorse, who has been in his employ for thirty years. Besides this, Vanderbilt does his own business, makes and executes his own contracts, and this, with the business he does on twenty millions, is no small "oil." The commodore goes down to business regularly every day, and can be found at certain hours. His only recreation, coaches and family horses. Moses Taylor, whose dividends from his coal stock alone this year reached the pretty little sum of a million of dollars, begun business in New York when he was sixteen years of age, kept his own books with his own hand, and has done so ever since. His library in his house on Fifth Avenue is a regular work-shop. Every night he brings up his business with his own hand. He is very personal to himself, and his business as trustee, as kept by himself. He makes all the original entries of sort and kind, and goes to his office for no information, and he knows just how things must be there to be right. And should every record kept by his bookkeepers and clerks be destroyed, it would make no difference with him for he has the originals in his own hands. Many merchants spend the afternoon in going or in games, or in the excitement in the evening stock board; but Mr. Taylor finds his recreation in a bath, a good dinner, a comfortable siesta, and an evening devoted to work. Such a man would make money and keep it.—*Cor. Boston Journal.*

Canada is becoming depopulated. This in itself is a sure sign that the Union is receiving the mass of its emigration. The exodus has been so serious as to create a call in some quarters upon the attention of government; but young Canada continues flocking to the border. The bishop of Toronto lately gave as his reasons for not rebuilding his cathedral, the great losses which his diocese has sustained in numbers. In 1861 this Catholic diocese had a congregation of 40,000; but according to the census now given by the bishop it does not contain more than 30,000. Toronto City from having 8,000 Catholics has diminished to 4,000. Not one, but many Canadian journals, make the same complaint, and the emigration though mostly from among the Irish, seems to extend to other sects and classes of working men. "The people," says a Montreal journal, "are leaving us by tens of thousands." This seems to be no phenomenon but only the reasonable out-working of that natural law which seeks every good opening, and which, some day, may influence Canada itself to come into the Union.—*New York Tribune.*

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin or personal matter to boast of. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hill, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between the settlements on the rivers of Canada. It remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I can my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode.—*Daniel Webster.*

When Allah has a mind to ruin the ant, he gives him wings. The insect, filled with joy and pride, takes his flight. A little bird passes, sees him, and snaps him up.

The strictures of a radical upon a constitutional government are about as valuable as an old maid's lecturing on marriage.

## The Delabar and Josephine Smith.

Carriages were standing closely around a depot in one of our eastern cities, waiting for the train due at 4:30. But one, an elegant little affair, was conspicuous for a pair of eager eyes that looked anxiously out of the window away into the distance in the direction from which the train was expected to come. There, a signal! Yes, they are coming. The horses paw and arch their glossy necks, while the crowd away like grain with a breeze passing over it. The occupant of a private carriage, a beautiful woman of forty, perhaps—although she looked much younger—could hardly retain her impatience.

She arose, as if she would descend, and then with a smile at her own childishness, she sat down and awaited the arrival. Among the first to step from the cars, were two gentlemen, the one middle-aged, and the other scarce eighteen. It was worth going a mile to see the lady, as her eyes rested on them. The light of happiness was on every feature, and she looked even youthful in the transfiguration.

"Our carriage, father!" said the younger one; and in a moment the two were in the little vehicle, and grasping each a hand of the wife and mother, who had come to convey them from the depot. The most casual beholder would have called them a happy trio; as indeed they were, and all the world to each other—Mr. and Mrs. Delabar and their only son Frank.

"They had been absent about three weeks, but a hundred questions were to be asked and answered by each."

"And how did you find Mr. Smith, and my pretty namesake, Josephine?" asked Mrs. Delabar of her husband.

"Mr. Smith was well, and doing well, I should think. He has several hundred acres of wild land, and there is a fair prospect that it will soon become valuable, from its situation on the lake shore. A pier is being constructed on it already; and a village will eventually spring up near it."

"I am so glad. Poor George. He has had such a sad, dark way; I hope he is coming into the sunshine now. But little Josie, is she as pretty as ever?"

"Frank can tell you about her; I must go to the store now." And with a shy smile at the young man, he left them.

"Well, Frank, about Josephine? Her mother promised her to you, one day, when you saved her head a bump from the front steps, more than ten years ago?"

"The young man laughed almost boisterously, as he replied:

"That is as much as I would do for her now, mother. Why, she is the roughest, most uncultivated girl I ever saw; or, at least, was ever acquainted with."

"Why, Frank, you must be mistaken; Anna Smith's child cannot be rough, I am sure."

"Well, mother, let me tell you, please. We left the cars at a little station in Michigan, and obtaining a private carriage, were conveyed as speedily as possible to the residence of Mr. Smith, situated about ten miles away; said residence consisting of a double log house."

"A double log house. What is that, pray?"

"Why, two log buildings, made to touch each other, and with a door leading from one to the other; as trees were not work into logs long enough to build a large dwelling, and hence the two. There were about forty acres under cultivation, and enclosed by a rail fence, and beyond that, on every side, was heavy timber. Famous for hunting, mother, but, oh, such a place for a farm. We found Mr. Smith in the field, endeavoring to root out an obstinate stump, that came on a line where he wanted to set a fruit tree. He looked like a hod carrier, but was overjoyed to see us, and leaving the stump to his hired man, a great burly Dutchman, he went with us at once to the house. Since the death of his wife, eight years, I believe, he had hired a family to work for him; the man and boys outdoors, and the woman and girls in the house. And they were just such a family as you would expect to find hired out; especially in a place where land is as cheap as it is there. Dinner was soon announced, and we all sat down together, Dutchman and all. The food was good enough, and in abundance, but tumbled upon the table in such a disorderly manner, that I hardly knew when the meal was over. Just as we were leaving the table, a horse came galloping past the window."

"Here comes Jo," said Mr. Smith; and down from the horse on to the block used as a door-step, slipped a great awkward girl, about fourteen, I should think. Her face was tanned to the color of a coffee berry; frizzled curls, all in a tangle; hands destitute of gloves, coarse shoes, soiled dress and torn sun bonnet. And this was Josephine, my mother's namesake, and, ah! my promised wife. She had not even the good sense to seem mortified at her plight, and when introduced, merely bobbed her head at us, and then, with the remark that she was half starved, sat down to the table and ate like a famished wolf."

"Oh, dear mother, I wish you could have seen her!" and laughed as noisily as before.

"We stayed two days; but Jo, as they all called her, did not improve upon acquaintance. She called me a stick-up to my face, answered my questions with yes-sir-ee and no-sir-ee, until I began to think she thought sir-ee was really my name. And the strangest and silliest thing was, her father seemed to think it was all right, and the awkward thing was perfect; and the woman who kept the house was as tender of her as if she really loved her."

"Have they no neighbors near them?"

"None nearer than a mile, although

houses are being built in connection with that pier, I believe."

"Did the girl speak to me?"

"Oh, yes! I had nearly forgotten. That was the only womanly trait she exhibited. She remembered you, and said your name was the last her mother called, and that the child would be like you in nature as well as name; and she brushed her hands across her eyes, but whether to put her hair from them or to brush away a fly, I cannot tell."

"Don't, my son! She is a poor motherless girl; her mother was my dearest friend. When her husband failed in business—your father just escaped—he was too independent to accept aid offered to him by friends, but with the little he had left, after all debts had been paid, he purchased that wild land, and removed there with his family. There were two children younger than Josie, but they both died, and, at last poor Anna followed them, and was at rest. I corresponded with her up to that time and I am afraid I have wronged her by neglecting her child."

Frank, a little ashamed of his thoughtless levity, soon after went out, and the good little woman, after musing awhile, admitted a resolve into her mind, that was a good angel to herself and others.

Before a week had gone by, she had despatched a letter to Mr. Smith, begging him to allow his daughter to come and spend some time with her, for poor, dear Anna's sake. "Frank had just left for college," she wrote, "and I am so lonely." And she came, as Frank had said, a great awkward girl; but shy, and with a heart overflowing with love to every living thing. She had been supplied with a full purse by her father, and under her new friend's supervision, a neat and tasteful wardrobe was soon prepared. She was a good deal homesick at first, but Mrs. Delabar's kind, motherly ways soon reconciled her, and then her studies commenced. After the crust of habit had been broken, she proved an apt scholar; and it was wonderful the improvement she made. Nor was the change in her person less apparent.

Her really pretty hands were praised, until she forgot to hide them in her pocket or under her apron, every time she was spoken to. Protection from the sun soon gave her a dazzling white complexion, while her jetty curls, properly cared for, were a crown of beauty.

She was rather large; but as her mind expanded and she mingled in the society that Mrs. Delabar drew around her, she became self-possessed and dignified, and her carriage really regal.

After remaining nearly a year with the Delabars she returned to her old home to find everything changed. A pier had been built from her father's land into the lake, and vessels, laden with wood, staves and lumber, went daily to Chicago with their freight, the produce of the wild land belonging to her father. A steam mill chimed and panted not thirty rods from where the old double log house stood, while further away, and commanding a view of the lake, an elegant dwelling was being constructed by her father for his own use. The change grew as it was, however, was in keeping with her own feelings, and she hardly surprised her.

Her father was now considered wealthy, and, after a short visit, she was again sent away to school, and to the best the country afforded. And at eighteen she left school as thoroughly educated as the most fastidious could desire.

She had corresponded constantly with Mrs. Delabar, and they had met occasionally. And as the little woman gazed upon the beautiful girl, cultivated and refined, was it any wonder that she took to herself a little praise, and said softly, "I began it."

With a woman's love for a secret, she had managed, by the help of her husband, in such a manner that Frank knew nothing of her work. He was away at college, the year Josephine stayed with them, and since then he had been fitting himself for the bar, of which now—five years from his first introduction to her—he was an honored member.

"Will you go to the depot with me this evening when the western train comes in, Frank?" said Mrs. Delabar to her son, as he took up his hat to go to the office, after breakfast.

"Certainly. But are you going away, mother?"

"No; but I expect a young lady friend to see me. She has lately lost her father, and there is some difficulty in getting his estate, which is quite large, and she had applied to me for counsel in the matter."

"You, mother?"

"Yes, my first; and then to the lawyer your father may recommend. And I have faith enough in the ability and integrity of my son to advise her to place the case in his hands."

"Thank you, mother. Perhaps you can use your influence, and get me appointed guardian. Is she young and pretty?"

"And where did you find her?"

"I became acquainted with her that year you were at college."

"An old maid, then, for that was nearly five years ago. But I must go. Be ready at five."

And, at the appointed hour, mother and son were waiting the arrival. When the cars stopped, a figure robed in black, stepped from the platform, looked wistfully around for an instant, and then, as Mrs. Delabar glided forward, sprang towards her, and was folded in her arms for an instant, while the tears raining over both faces, told of the warm sympathy existing between them. Mrs. Delabar was not a demonstrative woman, and her son wondered much at this display from a person of whom he had never heard her speak until that morning.

As Mrs. Delabar introduced her son, she watched with all a mother's anxiety, the success of the little plot she had been maturing for five years. But when she saw the respectful manner in which he took her hand, and the admir-

ing glance cast upon the beautiful face, she was satisfied her secret was safe, for the present at least.

When the visitor laid aside her traveling dress, and came into the parlor, Frank Delabar said to himself, without stint or proviso, "She is beautiful." But when he conversed with her, and found her mind was an inexhaustible well of intelligence, he wondered still more that his mother had never spoken of her. She paraded nothing, and yet a man possessing less discernment than Frank Delabar would have pronounced her a woman of superior endowments.

And then, too, there was a certain something about her, that seemed strangely familiar. But surely he could never have seen her before. Such beauty once seen, could never be forgotten. It must have been some old picture. In Italy perhaps he had seen it, and among the many had forgotten it, until this beautiful face had brought it back to him. Still he was not satisfied; and again he would look for that strange shadow from memory, that so looked him with its evanescence. Mrs. Delabar insisted that she should have no papers examined for a week, at least, the excuse was the desire to have her young friend all to herself. But she knew that when Frank came to examine the possessions of George Smith, deceased, he would recognize the whole thing.

And so he did. And at first he felt as if he had been a greatly abused individual. As if the lackwits girl had been palmed off upon him for this glorious creature. But this distorted view soon passed from his vision, and he regarded her as the more wonderful, that she had acquired in five years what it took most girls eighteen years to accomplish.

The settling of the property was a very easy matter, and in a few weeks she returned to her Western home. But her lawyer did not seem quite satisfied with the adjustment of affairs, for letters came and went weekly; and occasionally business—that was the term—called him personally to Michigan.

And at last, some eighteen months after her father's death, he persuaded the isolated girl to return a bride to his father's house; and thus was the cherished wish of Mrs. Delabar fulfilled.

**Clergymen's Salaries.**

Their salaries are seldom very large—they average about \$600—and they are obliged to fight all the time against all odds to make ends meet. If the national government were dependent upon the revenue derived from the excess of \$600 which clergymen receive as salary or income, it would require better financiers than Chase or McCullough to save the credit of the nation.

In these days of speculation and speculation—speculation for the rich, but calculation for the poor—it might be well for some of our laymen who are possessed of mathematical genius to endeavor to solve the problem. "How can a clergyman exist (not live) on the paltry sum that are too often very reluctantly given for their services?"

Clergymen are expected to dress like gentlemen, and to clothe their wives and children as becomes persons in their station. If there is no parsonage they are expected to rent or buy a conveniently located house, and furnish it in good style. They are expected to entertain all the company that feel at liberty to call upon them and make themselves at home. They are expected to educate their children in a liberal manner, with all the accomplishments of the age. They are expected to contribute largely to all charitable objects, and for every improvement suggested in their parishes. They are expected in some parishes, in addition to all their duties, to perform the services of sexton and bell ringer. They are expected to have a policy of insurance on their lives, the premium of which only takes about one-sixth of their salary. They are expected to lay up something for a rainy day, for sickness, etc., and when old and superannated it is expected they will have enough to retire on, and live comfortably the balance of their days, while they make room for some young man fresh from the seminary, full of zeal, and willing to meet these "great expectations." And all this is expected to be done with \$600 per annum. Who can do this? Is this the age of miracles? Are the prophets now supported by angelic means, and do the little rascals hereafter live? Let some self-denying laymen prepare himself for the ministry, try the experiment of coming up to the "expectations of the people," and report progress for the benefit of future generations.—*Cor. Northeastern Church.*

If thou be cast into bad company, like Hercules, thou must sleep with thy club in hand, and stand on thy guard. I mean if against thy will the tempter of an unexpected occasion drives thee among such rocks, then be thou like the river Dee, in Merionethshire, in Wales, which running through Pwllheli, remains entire, and mingles not her streams with the waters of the lake. Though with them, be not of them, but separate from their sins. And if against thy will thou fallst among wicked men, know to thy comfort that art still in thy calling, and therefore in God's keeping, who on thy prayers will preserve thee.—*Thomas Fuller.*

After staying eighteen months in this country, I have repeatedly asked myself what is the difference between the institutions of the old world, and those of the America; and I have found the answer in a few words. In Europe everything is done to preserve and maintain the rights of the few; in America everything is done to make a man of him who has any of the elements of manhood about him.—*Prof. Agassiz.*

Gen. Shields, formerly from this State has gone to California.

## Science of Kissing!

People will kiss, yet not one in a hundred knows how to extract bliss from lovely lips, no more than they know how to make diamonds from charcoal. And yet it is easy, at least for us! This little item is not alone for young lovers, but for the many who go at it like hunting coons or shelling corn. First know whom you are to kiss. Don't make a mistake, although a mistake may be good. Don't jump up like a trout for a fly, and smack a woman on the neck, on the ear, on the corner of the forehead, on the end of her nose, or fore over on her waterfall or bonnet ribbon, in haste to get through. When God made the world he went slow, and at last pronounced it very good. Pity kissing. And morning and night—were the first day! It is simple, yet excellent. The gent should be the tallest. He should have a clean face, a kind eye, a mouth full of expression instead of tobacco. Don't kiss everybody, including nasty little dogs, male or female. Don't sit down to it; stand up. Need not be anxious to get in a crowd. Two persons are plenty to corner a single one. More persons hurt any after you are used to it! Take the left hand of the lady in your right hand. Let your hat go to—any place out of the way. Throw the left hand gently over the shoulder of the lady, and let the hand fall down upon her right side towards the belt. Don't be in a hurry! Draw her gently, lovingly, to your heart. Her head will lightly upon your shoulder—and a hand—some shoulder strap it makes!—Don't be in a hurry! Send a little life down your left arm, and let it know its business. Her left hand is in your right. Let there be expression to that—not like the grip of a vice, but a gentle clasp, full of electricity, thought and respect. Don't be in a hurry! Her head lies carelessly on your shoulder! Your are nearly heart to heart! Look down into her half closed eyes! Gently, yet manfully, press her to your bosom! Stand firm, and providence will give you strength for the ordeal! Be brave, but don't be in a hurry! Her lips almost open! Lean lightly forward with your head, not the body. Take good aim; the lips meet; the eyes close; the heart opens; the soul rides the storms, troubles and sorrows of life (don't be in a hurry); heaven opens before you; the world shrinks from under your feet as a meteor flashes across the evening sky (don't be afraid); the nerves dance before the just erected altar of love as zephyrs dance with the dew trimmed flowers; the heart forgets the bitterness, and the art of kissing is learned! No noise, no fuss, no fluttering and squirming, like hook impaled worm. Kissing don't hurt; it does not require a brass band to make it legal. Don't jab down on a beautiful mouth as if spearing for frogs. Don't grab and yank the lady as if she was a struggling cod. Don't muss her hair, scratch down her collar, bite her cheek, squizzle her rich ribbons, and leave her mussed, rumpled and unmuzzed. Don't flavor your kisses with onions, tobacco, gin cock tails, lager beer, brandy, etc.; for a mudlin kiss is worse than the itch to a delicate, loving, sensitive woman.

**Men Find their Own Level.**

The flattery with which our assembled working classes are apt to be served undoubtedly contributes to make many of them content to make no higher attainments. If they are not receiving wages by the day, they are content to be refined, they attribute it to their occupation, not to themselves; to the unreasonable pride and prejudice of others, not to their own deficiency. But war is not the only thing that will find its own level; genius, wit, learning, ignorance, coarseness, are each attracted to its like. Two painters were overheard talking in the room where they were at work: "Lord! I said one, 'I would shoot him under your feet as a meteor flashes across the evening sky (don't be afraid); the nerves dance before the just erected altar of love as zephyrs dance with the dew trimmed flowers; the heart forgets the bitterness, and the art of kissing is learned! No noise, no fuss, no fluttering and squirming, like hook impaled worm. Kissing don't hurt; it does not require a brass band to make it legal. Don't jab down on a beautiful mouth as if spearing for frogs. Don't grab and yank the lady as if she was a struggling cod. Don't muss her hair, scratch down her collar, bite her cheek, squizzle her rich ribbons, and leave her mussed, rumpled and unmuzzed. Don't flavor your kisses with onions, tobacco, gin cock tails, lager beer, brandy, etc.; for a mudlin kiss is worse than the itch to a delicate, loving, sensitive woman."

**How Milton Spent the Day.**

At his meals he never forked much wine, or any other fermented liquor. Although not fastidious in his food, yet his taste seems to have been delicate and refined, like his other senses, and he had a preference for such viands as were of an agreeable flavor. In his early years he used to sit up late at his studies, but in his later years he retired early, at nine o'clock, and lay till four in the summer and five in winter. If not then disposed to rise, he had some one to sit at his bedside and read to him. When he rose he had a chapter of the Hebrew Bible read for him, and then after breakfast, studied till twelve. He then dined, took some exercise, for an hour, generally in a chair in which he used to swing himself, and afterwards played on the organ or bass viol, and either sung himself, or requested his wife to sing, who as he said, had a good voice, but no ear. He then resumed his studies until six, from which hour till eight he conversed to what came to him. He finally took a light supper, smoked a pipe of tobacco, and drank a glass of water; and after he retired to rest. Like many other poets, Milton found the stillness, warmth and recumbency of bed favorable to composition; and his wife said, before rising of a morning, he often dictated to her twenty or thirty verses. A favorite position of his, when dictating his verses, we are told, was that of sitting with one of his legs over an arm of his chair. His wife related that he used to compose chiefly in winter.

**Doeds never die.** Life passes, work is permanent. Youth goes. Mind decays. That which is done remains. Through ages, through eternity, what you have done for God, that, and only that, you are.

**Why is hot-bread like the caterpillar?** Because it is a grub that makes the "butterfly."

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**Doeds never die.** Life passes, work is permanent. Youth goes. Mind decays. That which is done remains. Through ages, through eternity, what you have done for God, that, and only that, you are.

## Friends, Faithful and True.

Thackeray once said that he never saw a boy without instantly giving him a sovereign. We sympathize with this feeling. Often, amid a group of prattling innocents, have we wished for a pint of dollars, to give each one a bit of transient happiness. How pure and happy these little beings are! One never tires of looking at them. We know of no recreation so invigorating as to watch the skipping, frisking merry-making of children. They are pressed down by no care. They are still ignorant of evil. They think everybody as pure and honest as themselves. Their minds have not yet been poisoned by suspicion. Alas for these children when they discover the first sin! We all have some vague recollection of the first lie we heard. How it shocked our tender hearts. After that the world looked darker; it was as if a star had fallen from our heaven; we began to suspect people of being bad.

Children are faithful friends. The world is false and treacherous. People often friends because they seek a benefit. Friendship is made a tool for gain. The friendship of a child is unselfish. It gives to you its heart, its whole little being. It will not deceive you. Older hearts may forsake or forget you; its heart remains true to you. The cares of the world weigh heavily upon you. Trial has taught you the vanity and emptiness of all human aims and wishes. In vain you seek relief with those once counted friends. Only in the hearts of children do you find unalloyed comfort. Their hearts will cleave to you, though the heavens fall.

Children are good bearers. True, some of them go to sleep these August days during the sermon. But no wonder. We should go to sleep, too, if some one would preach Chinese to us. And the heavy learning of many sermons is no better suited for children than that. Why do our sermons make no more account of children in our congregation? We sometimes speak a few minutes to the children, in a style suited to them. This is by no means out of place in a sermon. It will not hurt the older folks. We did so yesterday. Scores of little faces brightened up, as if to say: "How kind that he says something to us children, too, when he preaches to older people." Their grateful faces hung over us in our slumbers last night, and to-day they follow us like a pleasant dream.

A mother once told us that her little daughter, without being told to do it, would every evening, pray God to bless us, mentioning our name in every prayer. Nothing has ever affected us more pleasantly than this fr-grant offering of pious, unaffected childhood. We would at any time give an hour of the best rest the night affords, to hear and see a child say its evening prayer. We have lost more than one hour in catching, sometimes by stealth, these devout sippings of childhood at night-fall, and our faith was always stronger afterwards. Children are our best teachers.

The best way for pastors to gain the hearts of the parents is to gain the hearts of their children. Charles Dickens, in his boy, standing at the grave of Thackeray, wept tears such as have rarely fallen from his eyes. Speaking of this afterwards, he said: "There was a great charm in Thackeray's most genuine and unaffected love for little children. He loved to hold them in his knee, and rest his hand on their heads, and they were his joy. They were the purest and happiest beings on the earth. They are nearest to God and nearest to heaven as the smaller stars are nearest the sun. Our Savior says: 'In heaven the angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.'—*Ex.*

**How Milton Sp**



# DRY GOODS & GROCERIES.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

**D. E. EYRE,**

(Successor to Eyre & Holmes.)

DEALER IN

**DRY GOODS,**

**Groceries and**

**Provisions,**

**Wooden and Willow Ware,**

**BOOTS & SHOES,**

**Tobacco and Cigars.**

Call and see one of the best stocks of goods in this market. Store corner of Second and Ramsey Streets.

Hastings, May 3, 1865. 4-1f

**GREAT DECLINE IN DRY GOODS!**

**Willson's Cheap Store**

is full to overflowing with every variety of

**LINEN, WOOLEN, COTTON, AND SILK GOODS,**

**HATS, CAPS, AND SHAWLS,**

**LADIES DRESS GOODS,**

**BOOTS AND SHOES!**

**CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS,**

**Hats, Caps, and Straw Goods!**

**BEST TEA IN TOWN!**

All bought low and exclusively for cash!

Call here and get

THE MOST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY!

Try us and be satisfied!

**MARK WILLSON'S CASH STORE**

NO. 2, EXCHANGE BLOCK,

Hastings, Minn. 8-1f

**DRAPER & BALLARD,**

Wholesale Dealers in

**GROCERIES, SALT,**

**NAILS, FISH,**

**FRUIT, CROCKERY,**

**and LIQUORS,**

and Retail Dealers in

**DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,**

**BOOTS AND SHOES,**

**HATS AND CAPS,**

**WOODEN WARE, NOTIONS,**

**GLASS & QUEENS WARE,**

**FARMER'S TOOLS, ETC.**

Agents for Dr. Swan's Bourbon Bitters, Drake's Plantation Bitters, Bininger's Old London Gin, and fine Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies.

Orders from the country carefully filled. We solicit an examination of our large stock.

Hastings, Jan. 2, 1865. 39-1f

**MOORHOUSE & MERRILL,**

Dealers in

**GROCERIES & PROVISIONS**

Hastings, Minn.

Staple groceries, confectionery, wood-

ware, butter, eggs, fresh vegetables,

etc., etc., constantly on hand. Agents

for Dundas Flour.

Store on Second Street, next to post-

office. Goods conveyed to all parts of

the city free of charge.

Hastings, May 30, 1865. 8-1f

**DRUGS AND MEDICINES.**

**CITY DRUG STORE.**

**J. E. FINCH.**

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

**DRUGS,**

**MEDICINES, and**

**CHEMICALS,**

Paints,

Oils,

Varnishes,

Wholesale Glass,

Glassware,

Kerosene Lamps and Fixtures,

Alcohol

Pure Wines

and Liquors,

Trusses,

Perfumery,

Fancy Articles,

And, in fact, every thing that can be found in a first-class drug store.

Agent for all the popular patent medicines. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours. All medicines warranted genuine, and of the best quality.

J. E. FINCH. Hastings, March 23, 1865. 50-1f

# THE CONSERVER.

Published every Tuesday Morning at HASTINGS, DAKOTA COUNTY, MINNESOTA.

Terms.

Single copy one cent.

Three months, \$2.00

Six months, \$3.50

One year, \$6.00

Payment in advance.

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# THE HASTINGS CONSERVER

VOLUME V.—NO. 27.

HASTINGS, DAKOTA COUNTY, MINNESOTA, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1865.

\$2 00 PER YEAR.

## THE CONSERVER.

BY IRVING TODD & BRO.



TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1865.

### Union Nominations.

For Governor, WILLIAM R. MARSHALL.

For Lieutenant Governor, THOMAS H. ALBRIGHT.

For Secretary of State, HENRY C. ROGERS.

For State Treasurer, CHARLES SCHIEFFER.

For Attorney General, J. C. COOPER.

For County Clerk, WILLIAM COLLIER.

County Ticket.

For Sheriff, WM. G. LE DUC.

For Representative, H. C. MORRISON.

For Treasurer, J. C. COOPER.

For Register of Deeds, E. C. CAMPBELL.

For Sheriff, J. N. KENNEDY.

For Sheriff, N. J. MARCH.

For County Attorney, E. VAN SICK.

For Judge of Probate, J. M. RAY.

For Clerk of the District Court, F. HARTSHORN.

For County Surveyor, C. B. LOWELL.

For County Auditor, F. HARTSHORN.

For County Commissioner, First District, WM. FELTON.

For County Commissioner, Second District, R. J. MARVIN.

For County Commissioner, Third District, ANTHONY REED.

### The Dakota County Agricultural Society.

We are pleased to inform our readers that this organization has been revived, and is once more in working condition.

A new set of officers have been elected, and the constitution, by-laws, and minutes of the society brought to light, and it bids fair to regain that healthy status so necessary for beneficial results.

It is gratifying to see the interest manifested by our best farmers, and several new faces appeared at the primary meetings.

It is in contemplation to buy or rent suitable grounds, erect buildings and fences, and to hold a fair next fall, worthy of Dakota County.

The advantages of county fairs, when properly managed, are well known, and need no arguments in their behalf.

We have abundant materials to work with. Our horses, cattle, sheep, and swine are unsurpassed in the state. Our field crops, vegetables, and farm products generally are above the average.

Of manufactures, household products, agricultural implements, and fine arts, we could produce a creditable display. All that seems to be lacking is two or three energetic men to take the lead and say come. The farmers are ready to back up their efforts, but have not the time to spare to attend business meetings or look after the thousand and one minor, but not the less essential, details of the undertaking. We have just seen in Minneapolis what a few such men can do when they set themselves about it. Their beautiful fair grounds would be a credit to many an eastern county, teeming with wealth and population, and are intended as a permanent fixture of their county agricultural society. Yet three men alone contributed the whole, and had sufficient faith in the ultimate success of their local institution to lend it \$15,000 besides weeks of time spent in supervision and arrangement. Have we none such in Dakota? Is our county to drag along in the rear when they might with proper effort, take the lead? We trust not. Let us all, agriculturists, manufacturers, and householders, contribute our individual influence and labor to have next fall, as never before, a self-paying fair, one that will do credit to our county, and give her that prominence in the state fair she so justly deserves.

The Constitutional Amendment.

The law of 1860, relative to proposed amendments to the state constitution, provides that the voting shall be upon separate and distinct ballots.

Those wishing to vote upon the question of negro suffrage this fall will provide themselves with tickets inscribed as follows:

For amendment to section one, article seven.

Against amendment to section one, article seven.

Capt. Keith has turned over the books and papers connected with the provost department to the proper authorities and been honorably discharged. The captain retires with the best wishes of his numerous friends and acquaintances. A better officer was never found in a similar position.

### The Governorship.

The gubernatorial canvass is still in progress, the candidates speaking in Chatfield to-night. Wherever they have appeared, at Red Wing, Lake City, Wabasha, Winona, St. Charles, and Rochester, they have advocated precisely the same sentiments as at their first attempt, here in Hastings. From all accounts, Marshall is having decidedly the best of it, proving not only the best speaker but the best statesman. Rice would do far better in canvassing about the places of public resort in the evening. He is more of a politician, and has thoroughly acquired the art of making personal friends, so necessary to a public man. He has a free and easy way with him which takes far better than Marshall's constrained, half-embarrassed manner. Still, he has not the open sincerity of his competitor, and never would obtain the confidence of the people to so great an extent. Mr. Rice's record is a little mixed, and the straight-out, uncompromising democrats are afraid to trust him fully. His forte chiefly lies in supporting the president, no matter who or what his policy or administration may be. With the exception of Mr. Marshall's endeavor to make a party issue this fall out of the negro suffrage question, we are satisfied with the joint discussion. It will not help a man very much who, after six years in the United States senate and several terms in congress, comes before the people with attempts at speech making that would put a well bred school-boy to blush. Of Mr. Marshall we could expect but little. As a journalist he has acquired habits of thinking and writing which debars him, to a great extent, from the rostrum. Very few writers are good speakers. What exceptions there may be but prove the general rule.

The conspirator Dr. Mudd recently made an attempt to escape from the Dry Tortugas, by concealing himself in the cork bunnies of the steamer Thos. Scott. He was discovered, however, and set at hard labor wheeling sand. The quartermaster of the Scott has been arrested for aiding him to conceal himself.

Col. Jaques, a prominent member of the Methodist denomination, and the companion of Mr. Gilmore in his noted visit to Jeff Davis in Richmond, was recently arrested in Louisville for procuring an abortion upon a Georgia woman, who died from the effects of the treatment.

Our contemporary need not quibble about our tending him to the devil. It is merely a question of time with him, which concerns us not in the least, and his satanic majesty is in no hurry to foreclose the mortgage while it is drawing so high a rate of interest.

The First Regiment of Heavy Artillery went up on Tuesday night of last week, on the Key City, and were taken to Fort Snelling preparatory to being paid off and discharged. They numbered about one thousand officers and men.

The schoolmaster of *The Press* seems to be absent. Such errors in spelling as we almost daily discover are inexcusable in a metropolitan journal, as it claims to be. Milwaukee is not spelled like Wabasha with a w at the end of it, nor Dakota co or tak.

The democrats throughout the country are busily engaged in crying "stop thief," and thereby claiming no small share of honor and patriotism. Pshaw. A common robber will do as much to screen himself from pursuit. That style of business played out long since.

Capt. A. J. Van Vorhes, proprietor of *The Stillwater Messenger*, and lately connected with the commissary department of this state, has returned to the chair editorial.

Secretary Welles, in reply to an inquiry from a friend says: "I favor intelligence, not color, as the qualification for suffrage in Connecticut."

Our neighbor objects to associating him with the devil and the copperheads. If they can stand it, he surely ought not to complain.

Gen. Humphreys, the newly elected governor of Mississippi, has been pardoned by the President, rendering him eligible for his office.

Four new railroads will be in process of construction to Kansas City, Mo., this winter—the Cameron, Platte City, Leavenworth, and Fort Scott.

The Davenporters were recently exposed in Paris and compelled to return the entrance fee to the audience.

### Literary Notices.

*The Old Guard* for October is received. It is edited by a bitter partisan, and filled with so-called democratic readings. We commend it to those who like the style.

Mrs. Grundy gave up the ghost a few days since. Her sayings had but little weight with the public, and a fit of despair put an end to her existence. As a general rule, our comic papers are feeble and short-lived.

*The Threnological Journal*.—The October number of this serial abounds in good things, and is far above the average. We know of no magazine furnishing more good, substantial reading for the same amount of money. Terms \$2 per annum. Address Fowler & Wells, 393 Broadway, New York.

A correspondent of *The Birmingham Post* writes: "At Wakefield a few days ago, some gentlemen called at the vicar's and asked for permission to view the household grounds. It was accorded, not without surprise at a request so unusual. When the companions of Goethe and Schiller had satisfied their curiosity, and had departed, it transpired that they had made a pilgrimage, as they believed, to the scene of Oliver Goldsmith's story, and that the vicarage was to them endeared by associations of Dr. Primrose, Oliver, Sophia, and Moses. May the enthusiastic Germans never be un deceived and disenchanted."

State News.

Oats are now selling in this vicinity at twenty-five cents per bushel, wheat at fifty, barley at fifty, and potatoes at twenty.

Mr. McDougall cropped sixty-five red peppers upon one stalk, growing in his garden, and thinks they would fill a peck measure. Some of them are twelve inches long. The stalk is still in blossom and new peppers forming.—*Wabasha Herald*.

Ducks abound in these parts. Several of our sportsmen are doing a thriving business, furnishing the steamboats with these species of water-fowl. The price per dozen is \$3.50.—*Id.*

The great business of farmers in this county the past two weeks, has been making sorghum and molasses syrup. The cane has about all matured finely, and the syrup is of superior quality, though the yield is not so great as was anticipated. Sorghum mills, of an improved kind, are now about as thick as cider mills in Ohio.—*Le Sueur Statesman*.

We learn that the barracks occupied by the 2d Cavalry at Fort Ricks were burned down last week, in the presence of the men, who, not being allowed to know anything except what their officers tell them, did not interfere with the fire because they might be accused of acting without orders. That's a horse of another color.—*Id.*

Our fellow townsman, Gen. J. W. Bishop, who we are pleased to learn, has received the appointment of engineer in charge of the Winona division (Red Wing to Winona) of the St. Paul and Winona Railroad, and is making the necessary preparations to commence opening immediately. This is putting the right man in the right place, as Gen. B. has fully established a reputation of being one of the best civil engineers in the west. He has procured a full corps of men from this vicinity, and enter forthwith upon his duties.—*Chaffield Democrat*.

A German professor has come counted the hairs on the heads of four women of different complexions, and has found the result: On the head of a blonde there were 140,419 hairs; on that of a brown-haired woman, 109,446; on that of a black-haired, 102,962; and on that of a red-haired, 83,740. Although there was a disparity in the number of individual hairs, each group was about the same weight. The average weight of a woman's hair is stated on the same authority to be fourteen ounces.

A philosophical cabman, in Mobile, thus speaks of the section over which his wheels make their tracks. "If you run over a youngster down here in this here ward," he says, "the folks don't say nothing—kase they have got more children than white for 'em—but just run over a goat, or pig, or 'm best if a mob ain't arter you in two minutes!"

A correspondent of a New York paper who has been traveling in New England describes with great attention a tenuous operation which he underwent at the hands of a female barber. He is not the first who has been shaved by a woman.

It is stated that movements are in progress preliminary to the recognition of Austria by the Kingdom of Italy, and the settlement of the Roman difficulty, involving the deprivation of the temporal power of the papacy.

The northwestern Indian peace commissioners left Sioux City on the 22d ult. from Fort Sully, where they expected to assemble the Indians by the 15th of the present month.

Of the new 5.20 loan, \$40,000,000 has already been taken, and it is expected that the remaining \$10,000,000 will be absorbed very soon.

Two large warehouses were recently burned at Mobile by which 5,800 bales of cotton were destroyed.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Any person knowing of the whereabouts of Mr. Alvin Fritz, lately of the First Minn. Regiment, and has heard from at Toledo, O., will confer a favor by addressing a line to the undersigned, his wife who is left with three small children to support and care for. Any information concerning him or his address will be thankfully received.

WALBURG FRITZ, Hastings, Minn.

25-1m\* Eastern and German papers please copy.

OLD NEWSPAPERS, SUITABLE FOR

wrappers, for sale at this office by the dozen or hundred.

IRVING TODD & BRO.

### Miscellaneous Items.

George Francis Train announces himself as a candidate for the clerkship of the national house of representatives.

The broom corn crop, now being harvested, is one of the best ever raised in the Connecticut valley.

The prices of the new fall bonnets in New York range from \$20 to \$60—and occasionally lower.

The census of Iowa shows the population of that state to be 749,904, including 3,599 colored persons. The number of votes is 146,387.

*The Boston Advertiser* shrewdly observes that a "democratic ticket in these days without a military candidate is like a hook without a bait."

The grand council of royal and select master masons of Illinois will meet at Springfield, on the 5th, and the grand chapter of royal arch masons on the 6th.

A French engineer has experienced in photography until he has invented an apparatus by which pictures can be taken in a parlor or anywhere else.

Paris must be an elysium for managers of musicals, and other chautauks during the summer season having amounted to \$979,000,77.

The great fire at Constantinople destroyed eight thousand houses, more than three hundred mosques, eight mosques, two churches, and five khans. Over 75,000 people were made homeless.

Work is very much delayed in the Baltimore ship-yards by the refusal of the white caulkers to do any work until the negro caulkers, who have been employed many years are discharged.

The entire donations to the Lincoln monument fund amounted to \$34,424 85. Gov. Oglesby has addressed letters to the governors and legislatures of the various states asking co-operation in the movement.

The supreme court of Illinois has sustained State Treasurer Beveridge in his refusal to pay the late legislature in gold, and has denied the application of the Hon. Murray McConnell for a writ of mandamus.

An ancient glass decanter was exhibited at the agricultural fair, in Littlefield, last week, which originally belonged to Joseph Harris, one of the early settlers in that town, who was killed by the Indians in 1729.

Accounts from Mexico continue to be of a most contradictory character. According to one statement, the imperialists are sweeping everything before them; while another statement gives tidings of an interrupted republican success.

A Mr. Nelson Cole of Beaver Dam, Wis., put a hundred dollar greenback away in a bureau drawer some months ago, and on going to look for it, found that the mice had made a nest of it, cutting it into little pieces.

The treasury department will probably consent to the location of four or five national banks in Texas, say at Galveston, Brownsville, Austin, and perhaps at San Antonio. At present the Lone Star State is without a bank of any kind.

The Hon. William J. Duane, who was secretary of the treasury under President Jackson, and who retired from that office in 1835, has been elected to the removal of the deposits from the United States bank, died on Tuesday, aged 85 years.

Gerritt Smith has written a letter upon public topics to Wm. Lloyd Garrison. He predicts a war of races unless the ballot is given to the negro at the south, and would confine the ballot to the loyal who can read. He also advocates the right of women to vote.

A woman on the railroad picked her fellow passenger's pocket of her porte monnaie, and was detected. On the next morning she was arrested. On the suggestion of a gentleman, the stolen property was found in the woman's waterfall.

It is but little known that the first anti-slavery paper started in the United States was published in East Tennessee. It was called *The Emancipator*, and published at Greenville, the home of President Johnson, by Benjamin F. Lundy, a friend in religious faith, and a native of Belmont County, Ohio.

Returns of the state census of Mass., chusetts have been received from all but sixteen towns, and they foot up 1,215,497. The missing towns, it is estimated, will make an aggregate population nearly 1,272,000, and the vote about 245,000. The increase in population since 1860 is 41,000.

A French editor has given the following amusing description of the effect of an advertisement: "The first time a man sees an advertisement he takes no notice of it, the second time he looks at the name, the third time he looks at the price, the fourth time he reads it, the fifth time speaks of it to his wife, the sixth time he buys."

Brazil has been obliged to appeal to the Rothschilds for the negotiation of a loan of five millions sterling, which has recently been put upon the London market. This is the first time that these Hebrew bankers have extended their financial power, so far as loans are concerned, to the American continent, and we trust that it will be also the last.

The post office department has made a contract with Messrs. Wandell & Co., for carrying monthly the mails between New York and St. George (Bermuda) and Santiago de Cuba. The first steamer will leave New York this day, and the following steamers will leave on the first of every month. Letters must be prepaid. The postage is ten cents for a single letter.

The foreign commerce of Russia amounted last year to \$128,405,272, of which Finland is credited with \$4,728,023. The aggregate exceeds that of 1863 by \$23,425,731. So the imports for 1864 were \$110,769,687, or \$12,742,025 in excess of those of 1863; and this without including goods bought abroad by government and various societies, which were exempt from duties.

Geo. W. Beach, the actor of Wood's Theatre, Chicago, who was shot by his wife on Tuesday last, is living and slowly recovering. Mrs. Beach had a partial examination before the police court, and was held in \$3,000 bail for future examination. She is charged with assault with intent to commit murder. She is still in custody, and now seems quite melancholy. Beach has made a statement charging her with gross infidelity to him.

### The Constitutional Amendment.

negro suffrage has been lost in Connecticut by a majority of 3,000.

William S. McCormick, a wealthy citizen of Chicago, and proprietor of the McCormick reaper, is dead.

Paris, with a population of 1,696,141, possesses more than five hundred acres of open ground, planted with more than one million of trees.

A woman in Ayr, Scotland, found in the centre of a potato a gold wedding ring, which the ambitious tuber must have included in the process of growth.

An English paper says that "the difference between a good harvest and a bad one in the United Kingdom is equal in money to some fifty or sixty millions sterling."

A jeweler at Saratoga has a gold coin about the size of a half eagle, which is valued at \$2,000. It is the time of Philip of Macedonia, father of Alexander the Great.

All our readers may not be aware of the origin of the phrase "split tickets."

The Ancient Atholians used to shell for ballots, and their tickets were invariably "split," even when regular nominations were made.

The French consul in New York is advertising for supplies for the imperial fleet in that harbor. Among the articles required are coal, naval stores, soap and tobacco, fresh and salt provisions, and greenbacks. The last named commodity is needed for the daily expenses of the ships. Payments are made in drafts on Paris.

Some years ago a native of Newburyport now residing in Boston, met there a man intoxicated and in want. The man said he had been away, and was desirous of assistance. He was taken in, and when sober, money was furnished him to return to his home in New York. Recently that man, ever afterward sober and respectable, died rich, and, recollecting the kindness shown him by one who had acted the part of the good Samaritan, bequeathed him \$30,000.

Mr. George Phil. Gail, who died at Glessen at the beginning of last month, was the founder of one of the greatest tobacco and cigar manufacturers of Germany, which gave employment to the population of half a dozen villages. His public spirit and benevolence secured for him the respect of his government and the love of his fellow-citizens. His son, Mr. George William Gail, is at the head of a branch house in Baltimore.

A Philadelphia paper tells a pleasing story of a dealer in butter in the Girard avenue market, who disgusted everybody by demanding one dollar a pound for his lump butter. A lady offered to give him twenty-five cents, but the dealer refused, and while the lady was talking with him, the clerk of the market came up and commenced examining the lumps offered for sale. Each lump was weighed with great precision, and each one was found to be forty, were found to be under weight. A more delighted clerk was never seen than when the clerk marched off with the entire lot in his basket.

Letters from Chattanooga insist upon it that Tennessee will make a front rank among the states that furnish petroleum. They go much into detail about the geographical formation of the oil bearing territory, the oil springs, and the rocks that are impregnated with petroleum. The Tennessee mountain petroleum and mining company, under the presidency of M. J. Gen. Kosseau, possesses more than fifty thousand acres of first rate oil land. The letters represent a great oil excitement as prevailing in the neighborhood of Chattanooga.

The leading rebel officers of Virginia are mostly engaged in civil pursuits. Longstreet, who always commanded the choice troops of Lee's army, is in Baltimore, who is pursuing one of the hobbies of his health, which is greatly impaired by a wound received in the battle of the Wilderness. Beauregard is in New Orleans. Early and McCausland (who burnt Chambersburg) are in Mexico. Moxey, the guerrilla, is practicing law in Culpeper; Pickett, Hampton, Field, Ransom, Wise, and Lee's other lieutenants, are preparing to live as peaceable citizens. Lee will, however, next month, his new position as president of Washington College, at Lexington.

Dr. Foster of Montpellier, France, claims to have secured the most fortunate results by a new treatment of phthisis pulmonalis, and consumption in general, which he has recently discovered. He makes his patients eat the flesh of raw mutton and of beef and drink alcohol weakened with water, in small doses. The meat reduced to a pulp, and relieved of its tenderness, is administered in ball, rolled in sugar or in sugared pulp in a coffee spoon, at the rate of 100 or 300 grammes a day. If the thirst of the patient is intense, it is slackened by drink composed of 500 grammes of cold water, which is dissolved in 100 grammes of the pulp are dissolved. Raw meat has a reconstructive power, while the alcohol acts upon the blood making organs.

We would give the right of suffrage at once to four classes of negroes. First, and emphatically, to every negro who has borne arms in the cause of the United States; second, to every negro who owns real estate; third, to every negro who can read and write; and, fourth, to every negro who has belonged to any religious organization or church for five years before the war. These points would cover every one to vote, and they would insure in every negro voter a spirit of manhood as well as discipline, some practical common sense, intellectual development, moral consciousness, and culture. It is well worth the consideration of the president whether something like this should not be included in the scheme of reconstruction.—*New York Herald*.

The secretary of the navy has caused to be prepared a handsome copper plate document as a discharge paper for all volunteer naval officers honorably discharged. A finely executed engraving, representing a steam frigate, a monitor, and sailing vessels, ornaments the head-fore; while the body of the paper sets forth that the war for the preservation of the Union having, under the beneficent guidance of Almighty God, been brought to a successful termination, a reduction of the naval forces becomes necessary; and, having served faithfully in the navy, he is hereby honorably discharged, with the thanks of the department. Each is signed by Secretary Welles.

### LOCAL AFFAIRS.

REPAIRING.—The county offices are being cleaned and re-plastered, ready for the republican occupants who are to take possession of them next January. It is well.

CONCERT.—The original Hall Brothers' Troupe gave one of their pleasing entertainments last evening at Teutonia Hall. A goodly number were in attendance, and their pieces were well rendered and well received by the audience. As singers we regard them the best of the season.

AGRICULTURAL MEETING.—At an adjourned meeting of the Dakota County Agricultural Society held at the office of *The Conserver*, Oct. 7th, 1865, the president in the chair.

On motion, Mr. W. K. ROGERS, of Nininger, was elected treasurer.

On motion, the president was authorized to procure five hundred membership tickets printed, to be placed in the hands of the treasurer.

Adjourned sine die.

WM. JONES, President.

IRVING TODD, Secretary.

MINNESOTA TOBACCO.—Mr. B. LOUGHLIN, of this city, has a fine lot of tobacco raised by him this season, a few miles out of town. Off of three-quarters of an acre he obtained eight wagon loads in the stalk, and some of the leaves are eighteen inches in length by ten in width, and of excellent quality. The seed is from Connecticut. We have often wondered that our farmers paid so little attention to the crop. \$300 and upwards might be made from a half acre, and only requiring two day's attention in a week through the summer. This is more profitable than wheat growing.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.—Special meeting, Oct. 3d, 1865. Judges of election were appointed as follows:

1st Dist.—M. Simon, John Whaley, and G. S. Winslow.

2d Dist.—David Barker, John Van Hoesen, and O. S. Taylor.

The resignation of Mayor Lovell was accepted.

The clerk was instructed to post the usual notices of election, also a notice to elect a mayor to fill the vacancy.

The committee on finance reported in favor of renting the public square until May 1st, 1866, to lumber dealers at the rate of \$20 per lot, and no dealer to occupy more than two lots.

Adjourned for two weeks.

BOUNTIES.—L. SMITH, esq., auditor of Dakota County, furnishes us with the following amounts of taxes raised by the several towns of the county to clear themselves from the draft and raise volunteers for the army:

Castle Rock, \$2,105

Douglas, 8,800

Empire City, 6,700

Hampton, 21,000

Hastings, 50,500

Inver Grove, 6,650

Lebanon, 500

Marshall, 12,700

Mendota, 600

Nininger, 1,350

Randolph, 800

Ravenna, 2,000

Rosemount, 2,000

Sciota, 850

Vermillion, 10,300

Waterford, 2,900

County of Dakota, 11,150

\$141,905

Besides this there has been obtained by private subscription \$10,908 in Hastings, and \$14,800 in Eureka, Lakeville, Nininger, Ravenna, and the balance of the county, making a grand total of \$167,615 raised in Dakota County for this purpose alone.

LOCAL NOTICES.

IRVING TODD & BRO. are agents for the Provident Life Insurance and Investment Company, of Chicago, Ill. Capital \$1,000,000. Insures against accidents of every description. Call or send for a circular. 17—1f.

Good sound health is very desirable and proper. Medicines contribute to that result; but when you want to dye you will find a large stock of family dyes, of all colors, at Marvin's drug store.

As you pass up Second Street call at Murs' old stand. He has been recently re-fitting and enlarging, and has a large and complete assortment of dry goods, boots and shoes, etc. Harvey will show you the bargains fine of charge.

DRAPER & BALLARD are doing a fine wholesale and retail trade about these days, and the sidewalk and street in front of their store is crowded at most times with teams and new goods. For nerve, activity, and back-bone this firm is unsurpassed in the North-West.

### At the Union Block the stars and stripes were triumphantly over as fine a stock of dry goods as was ever before exhibited in this market. NEWMAN has them and no mistake. Give him a call before purchasing.

MACOMBER is dispensing to the needy great bargains in jewelry and silver ware, and the attention of prompt paying customers is directed to the fact. Call in at



## THE CONSERVER.

IRVING TODD & BROS.,  
Proprietors.  
Office Over the Bank of Hastings,  
Exchange Block, Second Street.

## Public Speaking.

Hon. Ignatius Donnelly announces the following appointments for this fall's campaign:

- Oct. 9—Cannon Falls.
- 12—Wadena.
- 13—Plainville.
- 14—Lake City.
- 17—Anoka.
- 18—Monticello.
- 19—Clearwater.
- 20—St. Cloud.
- 21—Red Wing.
- 22—Stillwater.
- 23—Marine.
- 24—Taylor's Falls.
- 25—Chaska.
- Nov. 1—Carver.
- 2—St. Anthony.
- 7—Minneapolis.
- 11—St. Paul.
- 16—Hastings.

Meetings to be held at such hours as local committees may appoint.

## Captain, Save the Ship!

Beware whom you suffer to come aft. Trust no man who has been a traitor. Trust no man who has given aid or comfort, directly or indirectly, South or North, to treason.

Remember; the dreadful war was waged, the policy of three generations controlled by slavery. Slavery was treason.

Remember; the rebels, servants of the slave power, though forced to lay down their arms, yet hope and seek to re-establish slavery, to consummate treason.

Watch slavery, then, as treason incarnate, till it shall be utterly dead and buried out of sight.

Chosen for your loyalty, pledged to the extinction of treason, you have, by the providence of God, been called to take the helm.

Remember that a loyal people, deaf to party, heading the call of humanity alone, with one voice bade their great captain to extirpate treason and slavery forever; and the whole world cried, Amen.

Therefore, take no counsel of those who think of party or of politics. Counsel with friends of freedom, with the lovers of their country, and with them alone.

Heed only the voice of justice. Obey the laws of liberty.

Beware, lest you underrate the danger as men did when the war began. It is more insidious—it may be no less now than it was then. But remember the danger now exists only by your sufferance.

The loyal people of America, the wronged race which fought her battles, now endowed with freedom, humanity, call on you in this hour not only to be true, but to let your devotion to truth be questioned.

Rebuke, then, the fell spirit which, North and South, dares to begin its evil work, with the hope that you may falter.

Let good men see, let bad men feel, that you will carry out the work to which Abraham Lincoln consecrated himself as to a task appointed of God. Raise the race he freed.

Once more. Beware of treason, whether in arms, as an assassin, or in conventions and councils of the people, or in your own cabinet. Do not trust traitors or their friends to take your reckoning or work the vessel.

## CAPTAIN, SAVE THE SHIP!—Transcript.

## New-Born Love for Soldiers.

On Monday the members of the 86th Ill. regiment held their anniversary at Peoria. Col. R. G. Ingersoll, the commandant, made a speech and paid his respects to the men now professing to be the best friends of the soldiers. He said:

"This is not a political meeting, and yet I cannot forbear saying a word or two concerning the soldiers' friends. There are men here in our midst pretending to be your dearest and best friends. They belong to a party, some of whom I will not say all are traitors or their friends to take your reckoning or work the vessel. They laughed at your wounds; they sneered at your scars; they mocked the corpses of your comrades; they prophesied your defeat; they hoped for your disgrace; they prayed for your overthrow and death; they despised the cause for which you were battling; they were the allies of your murderers. Now you have reached home covered with glory; you are welcomed by the true people of the North; you are radiant with success, and the very men of whom I have been speaking crowd around you and say they were your friends. Beware of them all! They do not want to help you; they want you to help them. When they come, tell them that you can have no confidence in their sincerity till they bring back the thirty pieces of silver, the price of your blood; tell them to go and follow to the bitter end the example of their illustrious leader."

We have noticed a number of well authenticated cases where the hon. turkey has killed and devoured her young. The instances occurred where the turkey was confined in a coop, pen, or yard, and was unable to get animal food in the shape of insects, worms, etc. Turkeys have a fondness for animal food, and should be kept supplied with it, particularly where it is necessary to keep them confined. Chickens are sometimes said to pick the feathers off each other's necks, to get the blood contained in the end of the quill. A little animal food will prevent this.

Mr. Colfax, Henry J. Raymond, Mr. Ashley, and Green Clay Smith are mentioned in connection with the speakership of the next Congress.

## What we owe to Asia.

Asia has always been regarded as the birth place of man. The researches of comparative philology afford abundant evidence that the present inhabitants of Europe are of Oriental descent. But the activity that existed in the early history of the East has long given way to stagnation. There is nothing to excite locomotion. Vast multitudes, during their whole lives, scarcely leave the place where they were born. There are no improvements in food, in clothing, or in habitation. As their ancestors lived in the past times, so do they. They do not seek to get rid of tyranny. The sense of political improvement is lost. The people only appreciate tranquility and rest. It was not always thus in the East.

In times of which history has failed to preserve any account, that continent must have been the scene of prodigious human activity. In it were first developed those fundamental inventions and discoveries which really lie at the basis of progress of the human race—the subjugation of domestic animals, the management of fire, the expression of thought by writing. We are apt to overlook how much man must have done, how much he must have added to his natural powers, in pre-historic times. We forgot how many contributions to our own comfort are of Oriental origin. Their commonness hides them from our view. If the European wishes to know how much he owes to the Asiatic, he has only to cast a glance at an hour of his daily life. The clock which summons him from his bed in the morning was the invention of the East, as also were clepsydras and sundials. The prayer for his daily bread, that he has said from his infancy, first rose from the side of a Syrian mountain. The linen and cottons with which he clothes himself, though they may be very fine, are inferior to those that have been made from time immemorial in the looms of India. The silk was stolen by some missionaries for his benefit from China. He could buy better steel than that with which he shaves himself in the old city of Damascus, where it was first invented. The coffee he expects at breakfast was first grown by the Arabians, and the natives of Upper India prepared the sugar with which he sweetens it. A school boy can tell the meanings of the Sanscrit words *sacchara* and *caudra*. If his tastes are bright and pure, the virtues of that excellent leaf were first pointed out by the industrious Chinese. They also taught him how to make and use the cup and saucer in which to serve it. His breakfast tray was laqueered in Japan. There is a tradition that leavened bread was first made of the waters of the Ganges. The egg he is breaking was laid by a fowl whose ancestors were first domesticated by Malacans, unless she may have been—though that will not alter the case—a modern Shanghai. If there are preserves and fruits on his board, let him remember with thankfulness that Persia first gave him the cherry, the peach, the plum. If in any of these pleasant preparations he detects the flavor of alcohol, let it remind him that that substance was distilled by the Arabians, who have set him the praiseworthy example, which it will be for his benefit to follow, of abstaining from its use. When he talks about coffee and alcohol, he is using Arabic words. A thousand years before it had occurred to him to enact laws of restriction in the use of intoxicating drinks, the prophet of Mecca did the same thing, and what was more to the purpose, has compelled to this day all Asia and Africa to obey them. We gratify our taste for personal ornaments in the way the Orientals have taught us—with pearls, rubies, sapphires, diamonds. Of public places of amusement it is the same. The most magnificent fireworks are still to be seen in India and China; and, as regards the pastimes of private life, Europe has produced no invention that can rival the game of Chess. We have no hydraulic construction as great as the Chinese Canal, no fortification as extensive as the Chinese Wall; we have no artesian wells that can at all approach in depth to some of theirs. We have not yet resorted to the practice of obtaining coal gas from the interior of the earth; they have borings for that purpose more than 3,000 feet deep.—*Dr. Draper.*

Who ever became a man of influence by sitting under the shadow of despondency? What idle man ever benefitted the world his friends or himself? There is nothing like action coupled with cheerfulness. We see it everywhere. Who is he, sitting on that empty barrel on the wharf? A man with no energy—a prey to grief. He does not know what to do, nor how to start. Who is that man with folded arms, standing in the market-place? A lazy, do little sort of a vagabond, who barely earns his bread and butter. Do you wish not to become such a character? Then arouse yourself! away from the arm-chair! up from the gutter! out of the downy bed! Move your arms, kick your feet, and stir about; give your blood a chance to circulate through your veins, and the air of heaven to circulate through your lungs. Seize the first job presented, and dispatch it at once; up for the pay, and get another forthwith; you will soon earn enough to purchase a wheelbarrow or hand-cart, and then you will begin to live. Who knows what you may become! Energy is half omnipotent. Small beginnings end in large gains; a penny well turned begins a fortune. Resolve, then, to do something, and you will bless us to your dying day for preaching thus faithfully to you.

The contrast for packing and transporting the government luggage from Quebec to Ottawa, incident to the change of capital, has been taken by Messrs. Craig & Valliers, of Quebec, for \$15,800. The removals began on the 25th ult., and parliament stands prorogued to meet at Ottawa.

Wisconsin has reason to be proud of her metropolis. There is no more beautiful city in the whole country than Milwaukee. Her site is excellent, and her capacities have been well improved. Her business streets are elegantly built, and for the beauty and taste displayed in her hospitable private homes, she stands without a rival. It is a thing to be thankful for, to escape occasionally from the mad rush, the odors, and the heat of this headlong Chicago, and enjoy a summer day in the cool, clean, shady streets of our smaller, but fairer, sister down the lake.

But Milwaukee, with all her beauty, has one drawback. She will excuse us for mentioning it, for she mentions it often enough herself. She is sadly deficient in churches. Her houses of worship, with scarce an exception, are a disgrace to a city of her wealth and culture. They are mean, shabby, and, generally, an outrage on architecture. The only one of any size in the Roman Catholic, and that is a cross between a Chinese pagoda and a market-house. This stands in the more discreditable, because Milwaukee possesses a building material which is peculiarly adapted to elegant designs. The architect finds brick a very difficult material for anything beyond vulgar uses. When he goes into the higher walls of his art he pours contempt on bricks, at least he doubts cement over their dull redness, and makes them fit themselves into stone. But Milwaukee has bricks which need not blush for their name in the emergency which now presents itself. As a pastime, he had learned the photographic art, and was provided with the implements of the profession. Dismissing with a handsome gratuity the messenger who had brought the letter, he hastened to a neighborly daguerrotype establishment, with whose proprietor he chanced to be acquainted, and borrowed a frame full of specimens, such as photographic artists display at their door to attract customers. This frame he hastily suspended at the entrance to his lodgings, gave a few words of instruction to the porter, (accompanied by a bribe,) brought forth his camera, scattered a number of photographic specimens on the table in the parlor, and calmly waited further developments.

He was not kept long in uncertainty. Ten minutes after his cunning proprietor had been completed the bell of our scapegrace's lodgings was pulled with a violence which gave the wire ample cause for remonstrance, (if bell wires were capable of remonstrating,) and, upon opening the door, the extemporized photographer found himself face to face with a personage who looked dreadfully tall and greatly stout, his hair dreadfully mussed, and his temper evidently dreadfully ruffled. It was the fascinating lady's husband, no doubt. Had any contrary suspicions lingered in the mind of Lothario, it would have been dissipated at once, by the sight of his own card—the card—which the dreadful visitor had taken with his bravado and bluster.

"Without a single question as to the identity of his intended victim, or even taking the trouble to ask whether or not he had a strawberry mark on the right shoulder, (which was a very grave oversight,) the dreadful stranger thundered forth—

"Sir, you are a—"

"Photographic artist, sir, at your service," interrupted the other, just in time.

"I don't care whether you are a photographic artist or not, sir," returned the gentleman with the disordered hair.

"You gave this card, sir, yesterday, to my wife, I've heard—and I wish to have a settlement with you!"

"O, with pleasure, sir! But I never insist on being paid in advance, for fear the likeness should not afford entire satisfaction. Madame has not done me the honor to give my process a trial! We will be glad to go to it. Please sit down in that chair. There! If I can transfer that amiable smile to paper, your friends will test the triumph of my system. Be so good as to run your fingers through your hair, in order that the expression shall not appear studied. Now, then. Perfectly still, if you please. All right. It's done."

"But sir—"

"A few moments' patience, and you shall see the result. And, without giving the puzzled visitor a chance to reply, the ingenious amateur disappeared behind the picture, which he presently exhibited with an air of great professional triumph to the dumbfounded Othello, whose rage now gave way to admiration of his portrait—for everybody (except the Paris correspondent of *The New York Express*) think he makes a splendid photograph. Thus, the mollified domestic tyrant went home so well satisfied of the absurdity and injustice of his suspicions, that he promised to send Desdemona to have her likeness taken—as soon as he could conveniently accompany her!

The chairman of an anniversary meeting, in announcing the name of the gentleman who was to lead in prayer, made use of this form of expression: "The audience are now invited to listen to a prayer by the Rev. —"

It is added that the chairman who spoke in this way is himself a really praying man, but that he happened to use rather "an infelicitous form of words." Though the language was certainly "infelicitous," we fear audiences are, as a rule, more in the habit of listening to prayer than joining in them.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

The human heart instinctively loves everything that is beautiful; but in this world how many brilliant flowers do we find which please our eye, and nevertheless are utterly destitute of any sweet or agreeable perfume!

## A New Church.

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It is a besetting sin of the times not to treat old age with proper reverence and respect.

## A Photograph or a Fight.

The readiness with which quick-witted Parisians sometimes get out of a "fix" was aptly illustrated the other day, by the adventures of a scapegrace, smitten by the attractions of a lady seated opposite to him in a boulevard omnibus. The lady was captivated by the looks of the gentleman, the admiring looks of the gentleman betrayed what was passing in his mind—viz: that his *ris-a-vis* was an uncommonly pretty woman; and the natural coquetry of the latter soon brought to her rosy lips an involuntary smile. This was quite enough for the jacksnaps, who drew a visiting card from his pocket, scribbled on it the words—"At home every day until 2 p. m."—and adroitly dropped the bit of glazed pasteboard in the lady's muff, as he rose to leave the omnibus.

The next morning, our Don Juan was awakened, at a very early hour, by a messenger, bringing him a letter, containing a few lines of somewhat alarming tenor, as follows:

"You are a hair brained fellow, and your conduct toward me has seriously compromised your own life! My husband, who is as jealous as a tiger, has accidentally found your card, and swears he will kill you! Look out!"

There was no signature to this warning epistle, but the gentleman instantly called to mind the incident of the previous day, and was thrown into a great consternation by the prospect of receiving a much less agreeable visit than he had hoped for. However, he did not lose his presence of mind in the emergency which now presented itself. As a pastime, he had learned the photographic art, and was provided with the implements of the profession. Dismissing with a handsome gratuity the messenger who had brought the letter, he hastened to a neighborly daguerrotype establishment, with whose proprietor he chanced to be acquainted, and borrowed a frame full of specimens, such as photographic artists display at their door to attract customers. This frame he hastily suspended at the entrance to his lodgings, gave a few words of instruction to the porter, (accompanied by a bribe,) brought forth his camera, scattered a number of photographic specimens on the table in the parlor, and calmly waited further developments.

He was not kept long in uncertainty. Ten minutes after his cunning proprietor had been completed the bell of our scapegrace's lodgings was pulled with a violence which gave the wire ample cause for remonstrance, (if bell wires were capable of remonstrating,) and, upon opening the door, the extemporized photographer found himself face to face with a personage who looked dreadfully tall and greatly stout, his hair dreadfully mussed, and his temper evidently dreadfully ruffled. It was the fascinating lady's husband, no doubt. Had any contrary suspicions lingered in the mind of Lothario, it would have been dissipated at once, by the sight of his own card—the card—which the dreadful visitor had taken with his bravado and bluster.

"Without a single question as to the identity of his intended victim, or even taking the trouble to ask whether or not he had a strawberry mark on the right shoulder, (which was a very grave oversight,) the dreadful stranger thundered forth—

"Sir, you are a—"

"Photographic artist, sir, at your service," interrupted the other, just in time.

"I don't care whether you are a photographic artist or not, sir," returned the gentleman with the disordered hair.

"You gave this card, sir, yesterday, to my wife, I've heard—and I wish to have a settlement with you!"

"O, with pleasure, sir! But I never insist on being paid in advance, for fear the likeness should not afford entire satisfaction. Madame has not done me the honor to give my process a trial! We will be glad to go to it. Please sit down in that chair. There! If I can transfer that amiable smile to paper, your friends will test the triumph of my system. Be so good as to run your fingers through your hair, in order that the expression shall not appear studied. Now, then. Perfectly still, if you please. All right. It's done."

"But sir—"

"A few moments' patience, and you shall see the result. And, without giving the puzzled visitor a chance to reply, the ingenious amateur disappeared behind the picture, which he presently exhibited with an air of great professional triumph to the dumbfounded Othello, whose rage now gave way to admiration of his portrait—for everybody (except the Paris correspondent of *The New York Express*) think he makes a splendid photograph. Thus, the mollified domestic tyrant went home so well satisfied of the absurdity and injustice of his suspicions, that he promised to send Desdemona to have her likeness taken—as soon as he could conveniently accompany her!

The chairman of an anniversary meeting, in announcing the name of the gentleman who was to lead in prayer, made use of this form of expression: "The audience are now invited to listen to a prayer by the Rev. —"

It is added that the chairman who spoke in this way is himself a really praying man, but that he happened to use rather "an infelicitous form of words." Though the language was certainly "infelicitous," we fear audiences are, as a rule, more in the habit of listening to prayer than joining in them.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

The human heart instinctively loves everything that is beautiful; but in this world how many brilliant flowers do we find which please our eye, and nevertheless are utterly destitute of any sweet or agreeable perfume!

It is a besetting sin of the times not to treat old age with proper reverence and respect.

As mosquitoes claim so much attention at this particular season of the year, it may not prove uninteresting to briefly enquire into their natural history.

Turn to any body of stagnant water, and observe floating upon the surface little fish-like animals that devour the living atoms that swarm in the pool. They soon cast their skins and take a different form. We now find them rolled up like a ball still floating on the water, for the purpose of breathing through two funnel shaped tubes on the top of their backs. If we disturb them they quickly uncurl their bodies and make sundry whirlings. In a few days we look again, and find another transformation has taken place. The skin splits on the back between the breathing tubes and from the opening bursts the head, body, and limbs of a mosquito.

The legs rest upon the empty skin until it becomes filled with water, and the insect then spreads its wings and flies away, piping its warlike song. The mosquito belongs to the Diptera order. Its proboscis, by which means it receives its food, is placed under the head, and consists of a long gutter, ending with two fleshy lips, enclosing in the channel on its upper side a number of fine and sharp-pointed bristles, capable of piercing human flesh.

The saliva flowing into the wounds renders them painful, and is the cause of the indigestion and the itching sensation that follows. In all biting insects the bristles take the place of jaws. Mosquitoes are very restless, being on the wing both by day and by night. In the bright sunshine, however, they give but little annoyance. They are short-lived, passing away at the latest, in a few weeks at the farthest.

They breed rapidly, many broods often being produced in a single season; and where stagnant water is abundant, they are numerous in the water. We never find them in the vicinity of springs, or flowing on the surface of pure crystal streams. If we wish to rid ourselves of them, we must keep stagnant water away from our premises. They are abundant in woods, because we find there large ponds shaded by the trees. They are bloodthirsty by nature, and the very first notes they sound indicate war. The hot climate of the South is best adapted to their existence, and the denizens of that region are forced to retreat behind fine thread bars or nets for protection. There is wisdom in this, for, in fighting the little tormentors, ten is lost and nothing accomplished. You come out of the battle with heavy eyes, exhausted frame, and with blood marks upon the face and exposed parts of the body.—*Exchange.*

No one can watch the progress of storm on an exposed rocky coast without being strongly impressed with the powerful effects of breakers in wearing away the margin of the land. A wave can deal a blow equal to a pressure of 6,000 pounds on the square foot, (and such is the uncertain and impetuous waves among the outer hebrides.) is no feeble instrument of abrasion. Yet such a wave can have of itself little or no power to grind down the surface of the rocks on which it beats, for that surface, even after a storm, is found to be just as plentifully coated with living barnacles as before. If the friction of the water could rub down the stones, these cirripedes would be removed first. It is only when the enormous weight and impetus can break off a loosened mass of rock that a wave may be said to be its own sheer force. In the great majority of cases, however, breaker action eats into a coastline by battering down the rocks with their own debris. A wave that lifts up, and sweeps forward gravel, boulders, and even large rocks of stone, is a far more formidable instrument of destruction than even a large wave which is not armed with the same weapons. The stones that are thus swung up by the tempest fall with prodigious force against the rocks of the shore; brought back again by the recoil of the wave they are caught up by its successor and again hurled forward upon the rocks. And thus, by what has been aptly termed a kind of scab, the hardest rock of air iron bound shore are worn away.—*Gazette.*

The butterflies and the Bee.

Two butterflies were sporting the sun, kissing each other over every flower, and coquetting with wonderful light-heartedness. As they flew hither and thither in their pretty gambols, they came upon a poor bee, who had been married to a golden wasp; but, for all his gilding, he was a wasp still.

The poor wee thing was very desolate and mournful, for her husband had left her for the day without even wishing her good-bye, and she was crawling over a withered leaf, chewing the cud of bitter fancies.

"Good-bye, my dear," said madam butterfly, in her bright, silvery tones; "good morning, friend; but why so sad this sunny morning? Has the unchivalrous sparrow broken the head of your favorite flower?"

The bee told her gay visitors her tale of sadness, whereupon Mrs. Butterfly exclaimed:

Why, my dear, what can have possessed you, that you have not more spirit? If I were in your place, I'd soon bring the gentleman to his senses. I warrant you. See how I manage my husband! He fits with me here and there, and we are sporting, coquetting, and making love to each other all the day long. Why don't you do as I do?"

Saying which, she turned a pirouette on her left wing, and whisked off without waiting for a reply, to continue her gambols in the merry sunbeams.

"Ah!" sighed the bee, when her visit was over. "It is all very well to say so with a butterfly for one's husband; but you would sing another note, I suspect, if that butterfly was a wasp!"

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Hastings, May 3, 1865. 4-1f

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J. E. Finch.

Hastings, March 23, 1865. 59-1f

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Also the best stock of

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## THE CONSERVER.

A New Way to Get a Young and Handsome Wife of the Guelph (Canada West) Advertiser gets off the following:

The young men in one of our neighboring towns recently experienced a considerable amount of chagrin when the fact became known that an old gray-headed widower had been married to one of the most beautiful young women in this part of the country. As the affair appeared rather singular, some persons have been induced to make inquiries respecting the manner in which the courtship was conducted, and certainly, if their account be true, they have been well repaid for their labor. They say that the first step taken by the aged lover was to get an old gipsy to go and tell the young lady's fortune, he having detected the words, which were as follows: "My dear young lady, your star will soon be hid for a short time by a very dark cloud, but when it reappears it will continue to shine with unintermitted splendor until the end of your days. Before one week, a wealthy old widower, wearing a suit of black clothes and a fine castor hat will pay you a visit and request your hand in marriage. You will accept his offer, become his wife, and be left a widow in the possession of all his property before the close of this year. Your next husband will be a young man of whom you think most at present." Three days after, the old gentleman, being dressed in the manner described by the gipsy, presented himself to the young lady, obtained her consent, soon after had the marriage ceremony performed, and thus became the possessor of one of the prettiest little wives on this side of Guelph or any other place.

## The Wonders of a Watch.

Very few who carry a watch ever think of the delicate complexity of its mechanism, or of the extraordinary and unceasing labor it performs, and how astonishingly well it bears up and does its duty under what would be considered a very shabby treatment of almost any other piece of machinery. There are many who think a watch ought to run for years without a drop of oil, who would not think of running a common machine a day without oiling, the wheels of which do but a fraction of the service. We were very forcibly struck with this thought the other day on hearing a person remark that, by way of gratifying his curiosity, he had made a calculation of the number of revolutions which the wheels of an American watch make in a day and a year. The result of this calculation, as is suggested as it is interesting. For example, the main wheel makes four revolutions in twenty-four hours, or 1,440 in a year; the second or centre wheel twenty-four revolutions in twenty-four hours or 8,760 in a year; the third wheel one hundred and ninety-two in twenty-four hours, or 59,904 in a year; the fourth wheel, which carries the second hand, 2,440 in twenty-four hours, or 825,000 in a year; the fifth, or escape wheel, 12,000 in twenty-four hours, or 4,728,000 revolutions in a year; while the beats or vibrations made in twenty-four hours are 338,900, or 141,812,000 in a year.

The *Lake Superior News*, of September 13th, reports a heavy snow storm on the Saturday previous, in the valley, and says "It stormed eastward as far as Laramie, and a foot of snow is reported on the Sweetwater. The snow was six inches deep on Green River. The snow fell in huge flakes for hours. The *News* adds: "We have heard of lots of sugar cane, wheat and other standing crops being leveled with the weight of the snow, and we know that fruit trees in many parts suffered severely, peaches in particular. The snow falling on the thick foliage of the trees, already being borne down by a heavy crop of fruit, splintered limbs off, and split open the trunks, to a serious extent. The slight frost that followed blackened the cucumber, tomato, and other tender vines, and altogether did a great amount of damage."

We know not of anything attended with more serious consequence than that of sleeping in damp linen. Persons are frequently assured that they have been at a fire for many hours, but the question is as to what sort of a fire, and whether they have been properly turned so that all parts may be exposed to the fire. The fear of crossing the linen, we know, prevents many from unfolding it, so as to be what we consider properly aired; but health is more important; with cleanliness there need be no fear of wetness.

The public have been most egregiously humbugged by what is sold under the name of California wine. It has been advertised by physicians to the sick, and by elegants at the communion table as the purest wine. It turns out that the article is usually made in Boston or New York—very seldom in or around the "Gold Diggins," and is as vile a compound of villainous drugs as was ever gulped down by a humbugged community.

A southerner of distinguished antecedents, reduced to poverty by the war, remarked, a few days since, that he wouldn't always be poor. He had a plan. He said he was going to take one of my old college sermons, put on a shabby and go to Henry Ward Beecher and get a letter of introduction to a petroleum widow and marry her.

A report from the assistant commissioner of freedmen's affairs, in Alabama, states that there is but little loyalty among the inhabitants, the majority of whom refuse to consider the results of the war decisive.

An earthquake shock in Eureka, Cal., on Sunday, did damage to the amount of several thousand dollars.

## Dry Goods.

The Cincinnati *Crescent*, in commenting upon the unsteady condition of the domestic dry goods market, says: "The enormous profits made by manufacturers, reaching in many cases one hundred per cent, renders it dangerous to carry large stocks, and for the same reason customers buy sparingly. Manufacturers can't at any time, as they did last week, drop prices largely, and at the same time realize large profits. The policy of the public, both jobbers and consumers, will be to leave the stocks so far as possible in the hands of these manufacturers who, in consequence of a very unwise arrangement of the tariff, are able to double their money on every yard of cotton goods they produce. The tariff on these goods is not a revenue at all, but simply a prohibitory tariff, which taxes the people for the benefit of wealthy manufacturing corporations. We rejoice in the prosperity of our home manufacturers, but their present prosperity, which results from a monopoly, fostered by the laws of congress, and paid for at the rate of one hundred per cent, is to be regarded as a national outrage rather than a national blessing. Let people bear in mind that one quarter to one-half of every dollar they pay for cotton goods now is extortion, and let them be taken to send our congressmen to Washington with this story of oppression ringing in their ears."

## Southern Eyes Opened.

The *Richmond Times*, in an article upon the political prospects of the south—which it looks upon as promising, now that the slavery question is dead—makes the following confession of facts which were utterly ignored by southern writers before the war: "The industry of the southern states was for nearly seventy years resistless in the national congress. Southern presidents, almost in an unbroken line, succeeded Washington for a half century, and wisely administered the government. Slavery had nothing to do with this political supremacy, but it was slavery which ultimately dashed us headlong from our lofty pinnacle of political glory and left us as a helpless minority. It was slavery which diverted emigration from the south, and sent millions of hardy white men to carve twenty new states out of the unbroken forests of the west and north-west. It was slavery which dwarfed the south, while the north was rapidly attaining the proportions of a giant. It was slavery that at last arrayed the north against the south, and stripped our southern statesmen of all power and influence in national legislation. It was slavery, agitation which destroyed these kindly relations which once bound the different sections of the union together, and then plunged the nation into a long and terrible civil war."

The Rev. Dr. Francis Wayland died at Providence, Rhode Island, on Saturday, Sept. 30th. Dr. Wayland was born in New York city on 11th of March, 1796; was a tutor in Union College from 1817 to 1821; was pastor of the First Baptist church of Boston from 1821 to 1826; was inaugurated president of Brown University, at Providence, in February, 1827, and remained in that position till 1855. He has since been engaged for the most part in literary labors, acting also for a few years as pastor of the First Baptist church of Providence. Among his works are "Elements of Moral Science," "Elements of Political Economy," "Thoughts on the Collegiate System of the United States," and "Intellectual Philosophy." Dr. Wayland was strongly opposed to the "peculiar institution" of the south, and, some twenty years ago, had a correspondence with the Rev. Richard Fuller, D. D., on that subject, which was published under the title of "Christianity and Slavery."

The *New York Tribune* makes the following clever hit at the demagogic ticket in that state:

"When Col. Mosby was about to surprise our union camp, he generally dressed a few of his rebels in union uniform and sent them ahead with instructions to pass the picket by loyal counterfeits. The demagogic leaders are doing the same thing in this state. Haskin and Richmond, Van Buren and Brady, and that gay lugger Bennett, are riding ahead shouting, 'Harrah for Johnson.' 'Three cheers for the war,' and 'Hail Columbia!' They want to surprise the president and his whole administration. We have heard the cries before. Keep a sharp look out ahead. Stand true to your guns, boys, and fire away at any suspicious persons."

The *Buffalo Express* is responsible for the following:

The one overtopping issue, we repeat in this—are you for or against president Johnson's plan for an immediate restoration of the Union? The democracy, from Maine to Minnesota, say yes—*New York World*. True to a letter! That is just exactly the Dutch definition which the democracy from Maine to Minnesota give of their position:

"Are you for or against President Johnson's plan for an immediate restoration of the Union?"

Yah.

Step down, Haas, the people are satisfied.

The U. S. District Attorney for Iowa has settled his suit against Holloway & Vockeroth, distillers of Keokuk, for violation of the revenue laws, the government taking the distillery property, subject to a considerable prior mortgage interest, and the parties being released from further liability. The government had previously default and penalties to the amount of \$38,000.

A democratic paper in Wisconsin says with exquisite humor—"The great democratic party of the country stands ready to continue that service which it has so faithfully rendered in the past." Andy Johnson deliver us!

## How "Sheridan's Ride" was Written.

That noble minstrel of the war, T. Buchanan Read, is in town, supervising the departure of his family for Europe. "Sheridan's Ride" came to be written; but as a curiosity of literature we give the following version thereof, believing it will be found correct. Mr. Murdoch, the tragedian, had devoted himself during the earlier years of our struggle, with a noble and self-sacrificing patriotism, to the task of raising money for the sanitary commission and all other benevolent projects intended for the benefit of "our boys in blue." He had delivered lectures and recitations all over the country, the proceeds going to the objects we have named; and at length, as the war was drawing towards its close, his numerous friends in Chicago proposed a magnificent ovation for Mr. Murdoch's own benefit—his finances having somewhat suffered from his unselfish and unparagoning efforts in the cause of the soldier and the country. At breakfast on the morning of the benefit-night, Mr. Murdoch, who was staying at Mr. Read's house (and, by the way, who had been chiefly, or at least very largely, reciting Mr. Read's noble lyrics and battle sketches during the two years preceding), remarked to his good friend, Mr. Murdoch, that you did not give me some original poem for to-night. Something new and fresh that would rouse the audience and set the blood leaping through my veins as I spoke. The fact is, I feel rather a dread of this occasion; and without some stimulus of the kind cannot speak as well for myself as I did for others." Mr. Read suggested that it would be better, if Murdoch really wished it, he would try his hand at something new. Murdoch, however, persisted that it was too late—frankly because poets cannot always write to order; and secondly, because he, Murdoch, would require some hours to study whatever Mr. Read—even in the brief space allowed him—might find his muse willing to offer. "Nevertheless," said Read, "I'll try. That ride of Sheridan's from Winchester to Cedar Creek we have just been reading about gives me a subject; and, if you stay here some few hours, I'll run up to my library and see what can be done." In less than three hours he returned to the breakfast parlor and placed in the hands of the tragedian, equally delighted and astonished, the perfect manuscript of that noblest and most fiery of all our war songs, "Phil Sheridan's Ride."—*New York Criticon*.

## Oregon.

Oregon has a healthy, steady growth, and a great future. Her mines produce gold and silver, iron and coal, copper lead and marble. She already exports wool, lumber, fish, and fruit. Sheep raising is one of the most lucrative pursuits. Woolen is the leading branch of manufacturing fairly inaugurated both here and in California. Oregon has three large mills in operation, and a fourth, costing \$70,000, has just been erected. Her lumber resources are varied and boundless; her water power unsurpassed in the world. Oregon cider is already famous on this entire coast; indeed, much is sent to the Atlantic cities. Apples to the amount of \$250,000 were exported last year; and the valleys produce grapes, peaches, plums, nectarines, apricots, and strawberries. Fruit trees at two years old equal in size those of New York and Ohio at four. The average yield of wheat to the acre is from twenty-five to fifty per cent greater than in Ohio. The best improved lands command \$8 to \$16 per acre; unimproved, \$1 to \$25. Of the Willamette Valley, perhaps the richest region in the United States, not more than one-tenth is yet under cultivation.—*Cor. New York Tribune*.

## The Catholic View.

To us it seems that no two races ever lived so happily and harmoniously together as the white and black races on this continent. Even under the horrible injustice of slavery, the whites have been prosperous in all a pecuniary point of view, and all the blacks have increased, and their happiness has not been marred by a hostility of race. Indeed, we believe the evils of slavery came to the masters from a lack of the antagonism complained of. The fact is, no such antagonism exists. The most popular waiter about a house, or hotel, is the colored waiter, and no man, unless he is very low in the scale of humanity, can honestly say that he hates the negro because he is a negro. If questioned, the most prejudiced admits that he likes a negro in his place. Where that place is, makes the question we are called upon to solve. And in the response, let us fall back on our duty as Christians. We can with safety do justice, and leave the consequence to God. The adaptability of human nature to the inevitable is wonderful. Let us do what is right, and believe that good will come of it.—*Catholic Telegraph*.

A late English work on diamonds and other precious stones says that but a small portion of the gems sold and worn are genuine. The diamond mines of Golconda have given out, and those of India are rapidly failing. The scarcity of real gems has been met by the ingenuity of counterfeiters, who manufacture spurious gems that frequently deceive expert connoisseurs. Large quantities of false gems are made in Birmingham and Paris and shipped East, where the Orientals sell them to credulous European travelers as the real article. Nine-tenths of the diamonds now flaunted by Shoddy and Petrolia are mere paste ornaments, for which their wearers have given fabulous sums.

Gen. Carl Schurz is at St. Louis, and intends, it is reported, to establish a radical (English) newspaper at that point.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

**Whiskers. Whiskers.**  
Do you want whiskers or mustache? Our Grooming Compound will force them to grow on the smoothest face or chin, or hair on bald heads, in six weeks. Price \$1.00. Sent by mail anywhere, closely sealed, on receipt of price.

Address, WARD & CO.,  
43-17  
Box 138, Broadway, N. Y.

## General Insurance Agency.

Irving Todd & Bro. would respectfully inform the public that they represent four fire and three life insurance companies, with cash assets amounting to over fifteen millions of dollars, and are prepared to write life, fire, and marine policies at as low rates as afforded by any other responsible company. Office in Exchange Block, up stairs. 7—17

**ITCH! ITCH! ITCH!!!**  
Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!!!  
Dr. BLANK'S LITTLE CURET will cure the Itch in thirty-six hours; abscesses, Sores, Head, Salt Rheum, and all diseases of the skin. Aches, Rheumatism, Gout, and all the blood-poisoning diseases contain the best-discovered medicines, and are guaranteed. Blank's Curet contains SODIUM, and is a sure cure for all the above diseases. It is a powerful, but only expressed in moderation. Sold by Dr. J. C. SCOTT, 29 Randolph St., Chicago, General Agent. T. C. 1885-86.

## NORTH-WESTERN ALE AND PORTER

Brewery.

St. Paul, Sept. 1st, 1885.

## PURE MALT VINEGAR.

We are manufacturing pure malt vinegar cheaper and better than the vinegar landed from below. The vinegar is recommended for pickling.

21-3m\* DREWRY & GREGG.

## TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

We have just received by express from the east a large supply of first-class

CARDS

AND

STATIONERY.

suitable for merchants and business men, and are prepared to fill all their orders for

Cheap Printing,

at the lowest rates.

Give us a call.

24-17

Irving Todd & Bro.

INSURANCE.

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY.

IRVING TODD & BRO.

Are You Insured?

IF NOT,

WHY NOT?

Representing the following first-class companies:

PHOENIX, OF HARTFORD,

Capital and surplus, - \$925,002.07

LORILLARD, OF NEW YORK,

Capital and surplus, - \$1,300,000.00

ARCTIC, OF NEW YORK,

Capital and surplus, - \$626,000.00

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Capital and surplus, - \$200,000.00

Life, Fire, Marine, and Accident policies written at the very lowest rates.

The companies we represent are sound and reliable, with cash assets amounting to over

Fifteen Million of Dollars.

For particulars call at the agency in Exchange Block, Second Street.

Irving Todd & Bro.

Hastings, March 25, 1885.

## LEGAL NOTICES.

[Official.]

**SALE OF SCHOOL LANDS.—IN PURSUANCE OF LAW.** I, Charles McIlraith, commissioner of the state land office of the state of Minnesota, do hereby declare and make known that a public sale of school lands will be held in the undermentioned county at the time and place hereinafter designated, to wit:

DAKOTA COUNTY,

at Hastings, Monday, Oct. 23d, 1885,

the following described tracts or parcels of land, viz:

RAVENNA—TOWN 114, RANGE 16.

Part of sec. 16 Prairie \$5.00

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## LEGAL NOTICES.

WEST ST. PAUL—TOWN 28, RANGE 22.

lot 1 of sec 27 \$5.00

lot 2 of sec 27 \$5.00

lot 3 of sec 27 \$5.00











# DRY GOODS & GROCERIES.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

D. E. EYRE,

(Successor to Eyre &amp; Holmes.)

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS,

Groceries and

Provisions,

Wooden and Willow Ware,

BOOTS &amp; SHOES,

Tobacco and Cigars.

Call and see one of the best stocks

of goods in this market. Store corner of

Second and Ramsey Streets.

D. E. Eyre.

Hastings, May 3, 1865.

4-1f

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DRY GOODS!

Willson's Cheap Store

is full to overflowing with every variety of

LINEN, WOOLEN, COTTON,

AND SILK GOODS,

HATS, CIRCULARS, &amp; SHAWLS,

LADIES DRESS GOODS,

BOOTS AND SHOES!

CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS,

Hats, Caps, and Straw Goods!

BEST TEA IN TOWN!

All bought low and exclusively

for cash!

Call here and get

THE MOST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY!

Try us and be satisfied!

MARK WILLSON'S CASH STORE

NO. 2, EXCHANGE BLOCK,

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DRAPER &amp; BALLARD,

Wholesale Dealers in

GROCERIES, SALT,

NAILS, FISH,

FRUIT, CROCKERY,

AND LIQUORS,

and Retail Dealers in

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

WOODEN WARE, NOTIONS,

GLASS &amp; QUEEN'S WARE,

FARMER'S TOOLS, ETC.

Agents for Dr. Swain's Bourbon Bitters,

Drake's Plantation Bitters, Bining's

Old London Gin, and fine Old Bourbon and

Rye Whiskies.

Orders from the country carefully filled.

We solicit an examination of our large

stock.

Hastings, Jan. 2, 1865.

8-1f

MOORHOUSE &amp; MERRILL,

Dealers in

GROCERIES &amp; PROVISIONS

Hastings, Minn.

8-1f

Staple groceries, confectionery, wood-

en ware, butter, eggs, fresh vegetables,

etc., constantly on hand. Agents

for Dundas Flour.

Store on Second Street, next to post-

office. Goods conveyed to all parts of the

city free of charge.

Hastings, May 30, 1865.

8-1f

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

CITY DRUG STORE.

J. E. FINCH.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

DRUGS,

MEDICINES, and

CHEMICALS,

Paints,

Oils,

Varnishes,

Window Glass,

Glassware,

Kerosene Lamps and Fixtures,

Alcohol,

Pure Wines,

and Liquors,

Trusses,

Perfumery,

Fancy Articles,

And, in fact, every thing that can be

found in a first-class drugstore.

Agent for all the popular patent medi-

cines. Physicians' prescriptions carefully

compounded at all hours. All medicines

warranted genuine, and of the best

quality.

J. E. Finch.

Hastings, March 23, 1865.

60-1f

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## THE CONSERVATOR.

IRVING TODD & BRO.,  
Proprietors.  
IRVING TODD, Wm. P. TODD.  
Office Over the Bank of Hastings,  
Exchange Block, Second Street.

**Public Speaking.**  
Hon. Ignatius Donnelly announces the following appointments for this fall's campaign:

- Oct. 24—Red Wing.
- " 25—Stillwater.
- " 27—Marine.
- " 28—Taylor's Falls.
- " 31—Chaska.
- Nov. 1—Carver.
- " 2—St. Anthony.
- " 3—M. Minneapolis.
- " 4—St. Paul.
- " 6—Hastings.

Meetings to be held at such hours as local committees may appoint.

## Garibaldi's Wife.

The story of Garibaldi's wooing is this: He was one day sitting in the cabin of a sloop on the lake of Santa Catharina, and looking towards the shore, when suddenly a young man from a house, situated on a neighboring hill, three or four girls being engaged in domestic duties. They were all remarkable for beauty, but one in particular attracted his attention for her uncommon grace and loveliness. He was still watching them when he received an order to go on shore. Immediately on landing he directed his steps to the house. He was admitted by the owner, whom he happened to know slightly, having met him once before.

The impulse which had prompted him to go to the house was to address the girl he so much admired. On seeing her he immediately besought her to become his wife. The girl, it seems, conceived an affection as warm and sudden as he had felt for her; and after the lapse of a few short days they were man and wife. The surname of this lovely Brazilian girl of the province of Santa Catharina, who became under such peculiarly romantic circumstances the wife of Garibaldi, has never been revealed. In all the biographies of our hero she is alone mentioned by the Christian name, Amira. She seems to have been a brunette of a rich, warm complexion, with black piercing eyes, of a beautifully rounded figure, and a sort of queenly majesty of deportment; active, daring, high-spirited, and in every respect worthy of being the companion for life of such a man as Garibaldi.

Her courage was remarkable. A short time after their marriage she went through an engagement at sea with her husband, refusing to go ashore, and during the fight would say no where but on deck where she wielded a carbine and cheered the men. In the heat of the battle she was standing on the deck, flourishing a sabre and inspiring the men to deeds of valor, when she was knocked down by the wind of a cannon ball that had killed two men standing near her side. Garibaldi was springing forward to her, thinking that he would find her a corpse, when she rose to her feet covered with blood of the men who had fallen close to her, but quite unhurt. He begged her to go below and remain until the action was over. "I will go below," she said, "but only to drive out the sneaking cowards who are skulking there," for only a few seconds before she had seen three men leave the deck and hurry rapidly down the hatchway, so as to escape out of danger of the storm of bullets that was sweeping the deck. And going down she immediately reappeared driving before her the three men, overcome with shame that they should have been surpassed in courage by a woman. She accompanied her husband in all his undertakings and died while flying with him from the Austrians.

## Newspaper Offices.

A correspondent writing from Mobile says:—While on my way to supper last evening, I walked up the street with an old gentleman who is engaged in the type-setting business, or in forwarding others who are, and he told me he had just returned from a visit to one of the cemeteries of the city. "I went out there a great many years ago," said he, "to help bury a printer, and I remember that his grave was but the tenth one there. Now, instead of ten, I find there are at least ten thousand; and when I looked abroad this evening over that little wilderness of green hillocks, and thought of the many tears and breaking hearts that have been since I stood there at the burial of that poor printer long years ago, it made me feel laddy, and I was tempted to say I would swear any more."

I replied that the thought was rather a solemn one, and that it should cause him to break himself of the ugly habit of swearing, his visit to the cemetery would turn out to have been the best Sunday evening's work he had ever done.

"Ah," said he "you never acted as foreman in a newspaper office, or you would know that a sight of all the graveyards in creation could not break me of that habit. Why sir," he continued, "if there had been a printing office in Heaven, and Lucifer had been the foreman of it, I'll be—he had fallen a thousand years before he did."

Constant occupation prevents temptation. Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter. God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest. An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid. A man is never so apt to be crooked as when he is in a strait. A tempter may do a brisk business, but a wheelbarrow man carries all before him. Our real wants are few. The stomach tires of everything but bread and water. There is but one good wife in the country, but let every married man think that he hath her. A woman's tears soften a man's heart; her flatteries his head.

## Home Influence.

"What's that, I wonder?" said Mrs. Seaburn, as she heard a ring at the basement door.

"Ah—it's Marshall," returned the husband, who had looked out at the window and recognized the grocer's cart.

"And what have you sent home now, Henry?"

But before Mr. Seaburn could answer the door of the sitting-room was opened, and one of the domestics looked in and asked:

"What'll I do with the demijohns, mum?"

"Demijohns?" repeated Mrs. Seaburn.

"Let them set in the hall, and I'll attend to them," interposed the husband.

"Henry, what have you sent home now?" the wife asked, after the domestic had gone.

"Some nice old brandy," he replied.

There was a cloud upon her fair brow, and it was very evidently that something lay heavily upon her heart. Presently she walked to the wall and pulled the bellcord, and the summons was answered by the chambermaid.

"Are George and Charles in their rooms?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Tell them it is school time."

The girl went out, and in a little while two boys entered the sitting-room with their books under their arms, and their caps in their hands. They were bright, happy, healthy fellows, with goodness and truth stamped upon their faces, and the light of free consciences gleaming in their sparkling eyes. George was thirteen years of age, and Charles eleven, and certainly those two parents had reason to be proud of them. The boys kissed their mother, gave a happy good morning to their father, and then went away to school.

"Cora," said Mr. Seaburn, some time after the boys had gone, "what makes you so sober?"

"Sober?" repeated the wife, looking up.

"Yes; you have been sober and mute ever since the grocer came."

"Do you want me to tell you?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, Henry, I am sorry you have had the spirit brought into the house."

"Pooh! What's the use of talking so Cora! You wouldn't have me do without it, would you?"

"What—what do you mean?"

"I mean that I would cut clear of the stuff, now and forever."

"But—Cora—you are wild. What should we do at our dinner parties without wine?"

"Do as others do who have it not."

"But, mercy! what would people say? Are you afraid I—but no—I will not ask so foolish a question."

"Ask it, Henry. Let us speak plainly, now we have fairly commenced."

"Well, I was about to ask if you were afraid that I should ever drink too much?"

"That's not a fair question, Henry. I was not thinking of that at all. But I will answer that by and by. You have no fixed appetite for it now."

"Of course not."

"Then it will cost you any effort of will to abstain from its use?"

"Not a particle."

"And you only have it in your house and serve it to your friends and drink it yourself because it is fashionable; or, in other words, you do it because others do it?"

"I do it because," said Mr. Seaburn, hesitating some in his choice of language—"because it would appear well, and niggardly and very fanatical not to do it." This last was spoken emphatically.

"But," pursued Mrs. Seaburn, with calmness and assurance of one who feels the sustaining influence of light, "you would not do what you were convicted was wrong, out of respect to any such considerations, would you?"

"You know I would not Cora. This question of temperance, I know, is a good one in the abstract, and I am willing to live up to it as I understand it; but I am no teetotaler."

"Henry," said his wife, with an earnest look into his face, "will you answer me a few questions, and answer them without equivocation or evasion?"

"Bless me, how methodically you put it, Cora. But I will answer."

"Then—first, do you believe you, or your friends, are in any way benefited by the drinking of intoxicating beverages at your board? This is, do you derive any real good from it?"

"No, I can't say that we do."

"And it would cost you no effort, so far as you alone are concerned, to break clear from it?"

"No, not a particle."

"And now, Henry," pursued the wife, with increased earnestness, "I have a few more questions to ask. Do you believe that the drinking of intoxicating beverages is an evil in this country?"

"Why, as it is now going on, I certainly do."

"And isn't it an evil in society?"

"Yes."

"Look over this city, and tell me if it is not a terrible evil?"

"A terrible evil grows out of the abuse of it, Cora."

"And will you tell me what good grows out of the use of it?"

"Really, love, when you come down to this abstract point, you have the field—but the people should govern their appetites. All things may be abused."

"Yes. But will you tell me the use—the real good—to be derived from drinking wine and brandy?"

"As I said before, it is a social custom, and has its charms."

"Ah, there you have it, Henry. It does have its charms as the deadly snake is said to have! But I see you are in a hurry."

"It is time I was at the store."

"I will detain you but a moment longer, Henry. Just answer me a few questions. Now call to mind all the families of your acquaintance; of all the domestic circles you have known from school-boy days to the present. Run your thoughts through the various homes where you have been intimate. Do this, and tell me if in any one instance you ever knew a single joy to be planted by the heart-stone by the wine cup? Did you ever know one item of good to a family from its use?"

"No, I cannot say that I ever did; not as you mean."

"And now you answer me again—think of those homes once more. Call to memory the playmates of your childhood—think of the homes they have made—think of other homes—think of the friends where all you know dwell, and tell me if you have seen any sorrow flow from the wine cup? Have you seen any great griefs planted by the intoxicating bowl on the heart-stone?"

Henry Seaburn did not answer, for there passed before him such grim spectres of sorrow and grief that he shuddered at the mental vision. He saw the youth cut down in the hour of promise; he saw hearts broken and homes made desolate; he saw affection wither up and die; and noble intellects striking down. Good Heaven! whose sights he saw as he enrolled the canvass of his memory.

"Henry," whispered the wife moving to his side, and winding one arm gently around his neck, "we have two boys—they are growing to be men. They are noble, generous, and warm hearted. They love their home and honor their parents. They are here to form their characters—to receive those impressions which shall be the basis upon which their future weal or woe must rest. Look at them—O, think of them. Think of them doing battle in the great struggle of life before them. Shall they carry out from their home one evil influence? Shall they, in time to come, fall by the wayside, cut down by the demon of the cup, and in their dying hour curse the example whence they derive the appetite? O—for the memories we would have them cherish of the home—for the good old age they may reap—let us cast out this thing now and forever!"

"Henry, you are not offended?"

"No," he said. He returned her kiss, and without another word left the house and went to the store.

How strangely did circumstances work to keep the idea his wife had given him alive in his mind. That very morning he met a youth, the son of one of his wealthy friends, in a state of wild intoxication; and during the forenoon he heard that young Aaron G—, had died at sea. He knew that Aaron had been sent away from home that he might be reclaimed.

After the bank had closed, and as Henry Seaburn was on his way to his dinner, he received a note through the Penny Post. It was from a medical friend, and contained a request that he would call at the hospital on his way home. The hospital was not much out of his way, and he stopped there.

"There is a man in the lower wards who wishes to see you," said the doctor.

"Does he know me?" asked Seaburn.

"He says he does."

"What is his name?"

"He won't tell us. He goes by the name of Smith; but I am satisfied such is not his true name. He is in the last stage of consumption and delirium. He has lucid intervals, but they do not last long. He has been here a week. He heard your name, and said he knew you once."

Mr. Seaburn went to the room where the patient lay, and looked at him. Surely he never knew that man: "There must be some mistake," he said.

The invalid heard him, and opened his eyes—such bloodshot, sunken, unrecognizing eyes.

"Harry," he whispered, trying to lift himself upon his elbow; "is this Harry Seaburn?"

"That is my name."

"And you don't know me?"

"I am sure I do not." And he would have said that he did not wish to, only the man seemed so utterly miserable that he would not wound what little feeling he might have left.

"Have you forgotten your old playmate in boyhood, Harry—your friend in other years—your chum in college?"

"What?" gasped Seaburn starting back aghast, for a glimmer of truth burst upon him. "This is not Alec Lombard?"

"All that is left of him, my Hal," returned the fellow, putting forth his wasted skeleton hand, and smiling a faint, quivering, dying smile. Ah—Pater peccator!

"Alexander Lombard?" said Harry

gazing into the bloated, disfigured face before him.

"You wouldn't have known me Hal."

"Good heavens—no!"

"I know I am altered. Ah, Hal, sic transit gloria mundi!"

"But, Alec," cried Seaburn, "how is this? Why are you here?"

"Rum, Hal, rum! I'm about done for—but I wanted to see you. They told me you lived not far away; and I would look upon one friend before I died."

"But I heard you were practising in your profession, Alec, and doing well."

"So I did well when I practised, Hal. I have made some pleas; but I have given up all that."

"And your father where is he?"

"Do not mention him, Hal. We're broken. I do not know him; he taught me to drink! Aye, he taught me! and then turned the cold shoulder to me when I drank too much. But I'm going, Hal, good-bye."

Henry Seaburn gazed into that horrible face, and remembered what its owner had been—the son of wealthy parents; the idol of a fond mother; the favorite at school, at play, at college; a light of intellect and physical beauty; and a noble, generous friend. And now, alas!

"Alec, can I help you?"

"Yes." And the poor fellow started higher up from his pillow and something of the old light struggled for a moment in his eye. "Pray for me, Hal, pray for my soul. Pray that I may go where my mother is. She won't dishonor her boy. She could not have done it had she lived. O! she was a good mother, Hal. Thank God, she did not let me go! Pray for me—pray!"

Let me go! he said, and he fell to weeping, and in a moment more one of his paroxysms came on and he began to rave. He thought Henry was his father, and cursed him, and cursed the habit that had been fastened upon him under that father's influence. But Henry could not stop to listen. With a sobbing heart he turned away and left the hospital. He could not go home to dinner there, he walked down town and got dinner there. At night he went to the hospital again. He would inquire after his friend, if he did not see him.

"Poor fellow," said the physician, "he never came out of that fit, he died in half an hour after you went out."

It was dark when Seaburn reached home.

"You didn't tell Bridget where to put those demijohns, Henry," said his wife. She had not noticed his fade, for the gas was burning dimly.

"Ah, I forgot. Come down with me, Cora, and we'll find a place for them."

His wife followed him down into the basement, and one by one he took the demijohns and carried them into the rear yard, and there he emptied their contents into the sewer. Then he broke the vessels, and laid his feet, and laid Bridget have the dirtmen take the fragments away in the morning.

Not one word had he spoken to his wife all the while, nor did she speak to him. He returned to the sitting-room where his boys were at their books, and took a seat upon one of their tele-phones. He called his wife and children about him, and then told the story of Alexander Lombard.

"And now, my loved ones," he added, laying his hands upon the heads of his boys, "I have made a solemn vow, that henceforth, my children shall find no such influence at their homes. They shall never have occasion to curse their father. I will touch the wine-cup no more forever. What say you, my boys, will you join me in the sacred pledge?"

They joined him with a glad, gushing willingness, for their hearts were full, and their sympathies all turned, by a mother's careful love, to right.

"And you, Cora?"

"Yes, yes," she cried. "And may the holy lessons of this hour never be forgotten. Oh, God, let it rest an angel of mercy upon my boys. Let it be a light to their feet in the time of temptation. And so shall they bless through their life the influence they carry with them from their home."

**Arabian Laughing Plant.**

In Palgrave's "Central and Eastern Arabia," some particulars are given in regard to a curious narcotic plant. Its seeds, in which the active principle consists, chiefly to reside when pounded and administered in a small dose, produce effects much like those ascribed to Sir Humphry Davy's laughing gas; the patient dances, sings, and performs a thousand extravagances, till after an hour of great excitement to himself and amusement to the bystanders, he falls asleep, and on awaking has lost all memory of what he did or said while under the influence of the drug. To put a pinch of this powder into the coffee of some unassuming individual is not an uncommon joke, nor is it stated that it was ever followed by serious consequences, though an over-quantity might perhaps be dangerous. The author tried it on two individuals, but in proportion it is not absolutely homeopathic, still sufficiently minute to keep on the safe side, and witness its operation, laughable enough, but very harmless. The plant that bears these berries hardly attains the height of six inches above the ground, but in Oman were seen bushes of three or four feet in growth, and wide-spreading. The stems are woody and of a yellow tinge when bark is the leaf of a dark green color, and pinnated, with about twenty leaflets on either side; the stalks smooth and shining; the flowers are yellow, and grow in tufts, the anthers numerous, the fruit is a capsule, stuffed with greenish pulp.

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"Alec, can I help you?"

As this country grows older, the necessity increases of each individual being able to earn a living. Hitherto, we could afford in a measure to allow our sons to grow up without the knowledge of any handicraft, as there were other avenues for employment; but already it has become important in large cities and towns that the daughters of a family should be able to earn something for the general sustenance of the household. Some give lessons in music, others teach school; most too many are driven to the heart-crushing, health-destroying, and life-wasting stitch, stitch, stitch.

There seems to be a general repugnance against putting our daughters in public places—in shops, stores, and the like; and as for making nurses and chambermaids and waiters and cooks of them, it is not to be thought of—yet awhile. But we must come to it at last. Other nations will cease to be able to supply us with "hewers of wood and drawers of water"—with carriage drivers and menials for the household. The older nations fill these stations with their poor; there is no sufficient reason why we should not do the same. That we should submit that our children should be nursed in their earlier years by those of a different religion, can only be accounted for in the existence of a false pride. The true wisdom of any denomination of Christians is in giving the instruction and care of their children to those of a like faith with themselves.

In France, three-fifths of the females grown are under the necessity of doing something towards earning a livelihood. It is very certain that the consciousness of not being able to make a support casts many a girl on the street, compels others to marriages of policy, and takes from all that independence of feeling, of character, and that self-reliance, which of themselves elevate, enliven, and ennoble.

Every year it is becoming less and less possible, even for the half of our daughters, to marry a man who can afford that they should do nothing towards earning a dollar. Hence, it is a rare, a wise, and a high humanity to study out ways and means by which young girls can be placed in circumstances by which they can sustain themselves—something to fall back upon in case of being thrown upon their own resources, by orphanage, widowhood, or unfortunate marriages.

It is true that a man who rears a son without having him taught the means of earning a living rears that child to large chances of a life of crime, it is not the less true, and becoming daily more so, that the daughter who is ushered into womanhood without the knowledge and ability to earn a dollar by honorable means is raised to chances of a position too painful to contemplate.

**The Suspicious Man.**

This kind of individual is always smelling a continuous line of "rats." He sees, hears, nor dreams of anything in which he does not "smell a rat."

The harmless action of his neighbors, under his suspicious and inquisitorial disposition, is made a matter of serious investigation; because he knows there is something in the wind, for he saw his neighbor, Mr. B., speaking very confidentially to Mrs. S., that very morning in the market. He puts that and that together, as he calls it, and connects this whispering in the morning with something he heard in the barber shop some weeks before, and he is satisfied his neighbor B. is neither going to fail in business or abscond without giving his creditors due notice.

The most terrible part of such a man's character is, that he places such faith upon the coloration he draws from his false premises, that he does not hesitate to give wing to the base suspicions of his mind, and frequently is the means of bringing about a disaster which never would have happened but for him.

Many happy friends have been rendered desolate—many a prosperous young man brought to ruin—many a virtuous and amiable girl been driven to despair by the fiendish insinuations of the suspicious man. No man however upright and honest—no woman however irreproachable—no maiden however pure, is safe in the neighborhood of the suspicious man. He has all the curiosity of Paul Pry, and he is satisfied his nature, and the malignity of the devil without his talent.

If every lynch law is justifiable in a community, it is when exercised on the suspicious man. Rotten to the core of his heart himself, he has no faith in the virtue and honesty of others, exists in a state of continual doubt of the motives and actions of others, and in consequence of his life is, at the best, but a prolonged misery.

There is a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable; but who, though versed in all the categories of polite behavior, have not a particle of soul or cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abnormally correct. There may be elegance in every gesture and gracefulness in every position; not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of severest scrutiny. This is all very fine; but what I want is the heart and gaiety of social intercourse; the frankness that spreads ease and animation around it; the eye that speaks affability to all; that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy. This is what I conceive to be the virtue of the text, and not the sickening formality of those who walk by rule, and would reduce the whole of human life to a wire-bound system of misery and constraint.

**Chaimers.**

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects of life.

**Our Daughters.**

Some say that it is quite out of the question for farmers' wives and daughters, who have so many duties to perform, to always look tidy. Some do say so, and I have often heard them; but such declarations do not in my opinion militate against the general principle. A wife or daughter can be personally neat, no matter what duty she may be employed at. Those who allow themselves to appear negligently dressed, on the plea that they have something to do—cooking, washing, scrubbing, white-washing, etc.—are pretty sure to be habitually untidy. A torn, faded, soiled, bad-fitting gown, with a sun-bonnet in keeping, worn in the house or out of it, slip shod shoes, etc., no appearance of a white collar; hair squashed upon the head, and plenty staying about the neck, do not give the husband, if he possesses any idea of cleanliness himself, a very elevated idea of his wife's attractions; nor will the daughters, who may be equally delinquent, impress the young men of the neighborhood very favorably. I am a wife and a housekeeper, and have been a daily worker for twenty-five years in my daily household, but I have never seen the day when I could not take time to attend to my personal appearance. System and a desire to be always cleanly will not only afford the necessary time, but will make the labor one of the highest pleasures. My husband never has had and never shall have occasion to twit me of the girls in relation to a matter in which every woman's pride of self respect ought to provide against. Will not, then, my sister housekeepers give this question of domestic propriety or respectability their serious consideration? They should remember that it not only concerns themselves, but, especially, their daughters, and, in no small degree, their sons also. —MARTHA, in The German-town Telegraph.

**Chemical Freak.**

A platinum crucible is made and maintained red hot over a large spirit lamp. Some sulphurous acid is poured into it. The acid, though at common temperature one of the most volatile of known bodies, possesses the singular property of remaining fixed in the red-hot crucible, and not a drop of it evaporates; in fact it is not in contact with the crucible, but has an atmosphere of its own interposed. A few drops of water are now added to the sulphurous acid in the red hot crucible. The diluted acid gets into immediate contact with the heated metal, instantly flashes off, and as such is the rapidity and energy of the evaporation, that the water remains behind and is frozen into a lump of ice in a hot crucible, from which, seizing the moment before it again melts, it may be thrown out before the eyes of the astonished observer. This is indeed "a piece of natural magic," and as much like a miracle as any operation the forces of nature could produce. It is certainly one of the most singularly beautiful experiments imaginable. It was devised by a French savant, to illustrate the repellent power of heat radiating from bodies at a high temperature, and of the rapid abstraction of heat produced by evaporation.



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Call in and see one of the best stocks of goods in this market. Store corner of Second and Ramsey Streets.

D. E. EYRE, Hastings, May 3, 1885. 4-1f

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Willson's Cheap Store

is full to overflowing with every variety of LINEN, WOOLEN, COTTON, AND SILK GOODS,

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BOOTS AND SHOES!

CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS,

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THE MOST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY!

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Hastings, Minn. 8-1f

DRAPER & BALLARD,

Wholesale Dealers in

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FRUIT, CROCKERY,

AND LIQUORS,

and Retail Dealers in

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

WOODEN WARE, NOTIONS,

GLASS, QUEENS WARE,

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Agents for Dr. Swain's Bourbon Bitters, Drake's Plantation Bitters, Binger's Old London Gin, and fine Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies.

Orders from the country carefully filled. We solicit an examination of our large stock.

Hastings, Jan. 2, 1885. 39-1f

MOORHOUSE & MERRILL,

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Staple groceries, confectionery, wood-ware, butter, eggs, fresh vegetables, etc., etc., constantly on hand. Agents for Dundas Flour.

Store on Second Street, next to post-office. Goods conveyed to all parts of the city free of charge.

Hastings, May 30, 1885. 8-1f

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

CITY DRUG STORE.

J. E. FINCH.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

DRUGS,

MEDICINES, and

CHEMICALS,

Paints,

Oils,

Varnishes,

Window Glass,

Glassware,

Kerosene Lamps and Pictures,

Pure Wines

and Liquors,

Trusses,

Perfumery,

Fancy Articles,

And, in fact, every thing that can be found in a first-class drugstore.

Agent for all the popular patent medicines. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours. All medicines warranted genuine, and of the best quality.

J. E. Finch, Hastings, March 22d, 1885. 60-1f

THE CONSERVATOR.

Published every Tuesday Morning at HASTINGS, DAKOTA COUNTY, MINNESOTA.

TERMS.

Single copy one year \$2.00

" six months " 1.00

" three months " .50

Payment invariably in advance.

Address: The Conservator, Hastings, Minn.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square, 1 week \$1.00

" 2 weeks " 1.50

" 3 weeks " 2.00

" 4 weeks " 2.50

" 5 weeks " 3.00

" 6 weeks " 3.50

" 7 weeks " 4.00

" 8 weeks " 4.50

" 9 weeks " 5.00

" 10 weeks " 5.50

" 11 weeks " 6.00

" 12 weeks " 6.50

" 13 weeks " 7.00

" 14 weeks " 7.50

" 15 weeks " 8.00

" 16 weeks " 8.50

" 17 weeks " 9.00

" 18 weeks " 9.50

" 19 weeks " 10.00

" 20 weeks " 10.50

" 21 weeks " 11.00

" 22 weeks " 11.50

" 23 weeks " 12.00

" 24 weeks " 12.50

" 25 weeks " 13.00

" 26 weeks " 13.50

" 27 weeks " 14.00

" 28 weeks " 14.50

" 29 weeks " 15.00

" 30 weeks " 15.50

" 31 weeks " 16.00

" 32 weeks " 16.50

" 33 weeks " 17.00

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" 75 weeks " 38.00

" 76 weeks " 38.50

" 77 weeks " 39.00

" 78 weeks " 39.50

" 79 weeks " 40.00

" 80 weeks " 40.50

HARDWARE.

HARDWARE.

M. MC HUGH,

Dealer in

HARDWARE,

TINWARE,

STOVES, ETC.,

Corner of Second and Vermillion Streets,

Hastings, Minnesota.

has on hand and is constantly receiving a general assortment and a full supply of

Iron,

Nails,

Time, and

Putty,

Also the best stock of

CUTLERY

ever before exhibited in this market.

These goods have been bought expressly for this trade, and will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash.

I am also agent for, and have on hand, the celebrated

STEWART COOKING STOVE,

known to be the best cooking stove manufactured.

Hastings, May 14, 1885. 6-1f

HARDWARE. HARDWARE.

H. H. PRINGLE,

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NEW YORK.

NEW SKIRT FOR 1885-6.

The great invention of the age in

HOOP SKIRTS.

J. W. Bradley's new patent duplex elliptic

(or double) spring skirt.

This invention consists of duplex (or

two) elliptic pure refined steel springs,

ingeniously braided tightly and firmly

together, edge to edge, making the tough-

est, most flexible, elastic, and durable

spring ever used. They seldom bend and

break, like the single springs, and con-

sequently preserve their perfect and

beautiful shape more than twice as long

as any single spring skirt that ever has

or can be made.

The wonderful flexibility and great com-

fort and pleasure to any lady wearing the

duplex elliptic skirt will be experienced

particularly in all crowded places, church

operas,







# THE HASTINGS CONSERVER.

VOLUME V.---NO. 30.

HASTINGS, DAKOTA COUNTY, MINNESOTA, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1865.

\$2 00 PER YEAR.

## THE CONSERVER.

BY IRVING TODD & BRO.



TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1865.

### Union Nominations.

For Governor,

WILLIAM H. MARSHALL.

For Lieutenant Governor,

THOMAS H. ARMSTRONG.

For State Treasurer,

CHARLES SCHIEFFER.

For Attorney General,

WILLIAM COLVILLE.

County Ticket.

For Senator,

WM. G. LE BUC.

For Representative,

H. G. O. MORRISON.

For Treasurer,

J. G. COOPER.

For Register of Deeds,

JOHN KENNEDY.

For Sheriff,

N. J. MARSH.

For County Attorney,

L. VAN DYCKE.

For Judge of Probate,

I. D. HAY.

For Clerk of the District Court,

P. HARTSHORN.

For County Surveyor,

C. H. LOWELL.

For Court Commissioner,

P. HARTSHORN.

For Coroner,

W. T. FELTON.

For County Commissioner, First District,

R. J. MARVIN.

For County Commissioner, Second District,

ANTHONY REED.

For Mayor,

MARK WILLSON.

Public Speaking.

Hon. IGNATIUS DONNELLY, member of Congress from this district, will address the citizens of Hastings and vicinity at Tutonia Hall on Monday night, Nov 6th, 1865, the eve of election. This is the very last of the season, and is intended to be a rousing one. Let those interested in public affairs attend without fail. Ample space will be reserved for ladies.

Per order of the committee.

IRVING TODD, Chairman.

There being no democratic paper in this vicinity, we are constrained to admit into our columns a communication in favor of the extraordinary claims of Mr. Rice for the governorship of this state. Our readers, however, are not obliged to believe more of it than they may be able. While the gentleman undoubtedly has done much for our railroad interests, it was done like many such schemes, to help his own pecuniary matters. The affair has so far succeeded, and he is becoming rich. Whether this entitles him to the suffrage of the people or not is a question at issue, and will be decided on the 7th of November next.

We are pleased at the reception Mr. N. J. March is receiving at the hands of the people of the county, and he can scarcely fail of obtaining a handsome majority at the polls. It would be safe to venture that there is not another man in the state of Minnesota better qualified for the office of sheriff than himself, and his election would be but an endorsement of his valuable services as assistant provost marshal. We owe to his zeal and energy the fact of many a deserter and booter jumper receiving their deserts. Vote for March.

We learn from *The Democrat* that W. H. Mitchell, our genial friend of the quill, has returned to the chair editorial, and we shall therefore miss the pleasant gossiping letters from the East of a month past. Glad to welcome you back. We have not forgotten your kind invitations to pay St. Cloud a visit, which we shall most assuredly do as soon as the railroad is completed.

Wm. R. Marshall is in favor of stopping the manufacture of beer in Minnesota; of closing up distilleries; and of making nuisances of hotels and saloons that sell wines and beer, to be abated by law. Mr. Marshall is a strong Maine liquor law advocate, and if he is elected, he will have a law passed next winter that will be the ruin of distillers, brewers, hotel and saloon keepers. —*St. Peter Advertiser*.

That's an infernal lie, and you know it. We notice that Hon. Edmund G. Sutherland, for many years editor and proprietor of *The Eastern State Journal*, the leading democratic paper of Westchester County, N. Y., is nominated for the state senate. He is a gentleman of fine abilities, and as it is a strong democratic district, will undoubtedly be elected.

We are much obliged to Bro. Reed for his kind offer to furnish us with a new hat gratis, but cannot allow ourselves to take such advantage of him. Try our neighbor. He is very sanguine, and always bets on a sure thing. —*Hastings Conserver*.

No "shirking" of responsibility. Brother Todd. We know him too well to suppose he would go a cent's worth on the republican ticket in your county. He knows the strength of Senator Langley too well. We put down Dakota County at two hundred majority for Gov. Rice, Senator Langley, and the whole county ticket. —*Wacona Democrat*.

Bro. Reed, you was never more mistaken in your life. You had better borrow an old Daboll and practice a little in cyphering.

There are certain men, who might otherwise have slight claims to respectability, that consider it a convenient method of settling a two or three years' subscription bill by simply marking refused on their paper and directing the postmaster to put it into our box. Very easy to do, and so becoming to a pretended gentleman! Even the devil might be excused if, in the latter days, he scratched refused on their sneaking countenances and kicked them out of his territory. Such individuals are too mean to take a respectable journal, and we do not want them to have ours.

Register your names. Every voter should attend to the matter at once. The judges of election will be at the places of opening the polls to-morrow—Wednesday—and no one has any excuse for neglecting the opportunity. See that no names are fraudulently inserted.

Let a strict watch be kept at the polls for those miserable cowards who skulked off to Canada and elsewhere to avoid the draft, and were therefor justly disfranchised by congress. They have no right to vote, and should not be allowed so to do. Spot them.

How old Minnesota would soar off with Henry M. Rice as its governor for the next two years. —*Wacona Democrat Press*.

That is precisely what the people of Minnesota do not want. They have had enough of Mr. Rice's "soar off." See *The Pioneer* of 1850 and 1860.

But a week yet remains before the election, and we would urge upon the union candidates and the several town committees to be unsparing in their efforts to place Dakota County upon a sound basis. It can be done, and shall it not be?

The notorious Champ Ferguson was hanged at Nashville, Tenn., on the 20th inst. The execution was strictly private. His last request was to convey his remains to his family.

The democrats, not liking President Johnson's policy as defined by him in a recent speech to a colored regiment in Washington, are engaged in copying some of his old speeches made in 1860 and 1861, to prove him a democrat!

Our neighbor says we have been making "a deathbed confession," though it candidly admits it "is worth something." A scene of that character, in reality, would not be amiss from himself. Out with it.

### NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

A Proclamation. By the President of the United States.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, during the year which is now coming to an end, to relieve our beloved country from the fearful scourge of civil war, and to permit us to secure the blessings of peace, unity, and harmony with a great enlargement of civil liberty;

AND WHEREAS, our Heavenly Father has also during the year, graciously averted the calamities of foreign war, pestilence, and famine, while our granaries are full of the fruits of an abundant season;

AND WHEREAS, righteousness exalts a nation while sin is a reproach to any people, now therefore, I, ANDREW JOHNSON, President of the United States, do hereby recommend to the people thereof, that they do set apart and observe the First THURSDAY OF DECEMBER as a day of National Thanksgiving to the Creator of the Universe, for these deliverances and blessings, and I do further recommend that on that occasion the whole people make confession of our national sins against His infinite goodness, and with one heart and one mind implore the Divine guidance to the ways of national virtue and holiness.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington, this 28th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred sixty-five, and of the independence of the United States the ninetieth.

ANDREW JOHNSON.  
By the President:  
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Sec'y of State.

The decks of the late confederate congress have been sold at auction in Richmond. They brought only twenty cents a piece. Confederates are as ungrateful as republicans.

The census returns received by the secretary of state of Massachusetts show an aggregate of 252,000 voters in the state, of which Boston has 33,890. The census gives one member of the legislature to every 1,050 voters.

By different nations every day in the week is set apart for public worship: Sunday by the Christians; Monday by the Greeks; Tuesday by the Persians; Wednesday by the Assyrians; Thursday by the Egyptians; Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews.

We are told from France that all the remarkable features of the season of 1861 have been repeated in 1865 in the French vineyards. The grapes have been so plentiful, and the juice so abundant, that large quantities of wine have been wasted in consequence of the want of casks in which to store it.

He that is most meritorious and virtuous and intellectual and well informed must stand highest, without regard to color. It is the very basis upon which heaven rests itself. Each individual takes his degree in the sublime and more exalted regions in proportion to his merits and his virtues. —*President Johnson*.

Tastes differ with regard to birds. The infant delights in crows, but hates the thrush; some lunatics are raven mad; gluttons are fond of swallows; artists are fond of Parrots; misers cultivate the golden eagles; gamblers like pigeons and gulls; thieves go in for robins; and every good husband loves his duck of a wife.

Census returns of 1860 show that in that year there were in operation within the United States 23 establishments for the manufacture of billiard and baggato tables, with an invested capital of \$340,268; paying for labor, \$139,186; employing 198 hands; and yielding annually products amounting in value to \$827,900.

In the vicinity of Surprise Valley, Nevada, is an extensive quarry of gypsum, perfectly crystallized, and as transparent as blocks of ice from the clearest pond. This rock naturally breaks in perfect squares, and without cutting, can be used for building purposes.

Several houses will soon be erected of this material, and it is thought no windows will be required, as the blocks of gypsum will admit light. A building, constructed of this material, would certainly present a splendid and fairy-like appearance.

They have a new burglar trap in London, designed especially for safe-robbing. When a burglar attacks the safe to force the lock, he affects to graph wires which have been placed in communication with the street lines, and sends an alarm to the nearest police station, indicating the number of the safe which is in jeopardy. These safes are registered with the numbers of the houses where they belong, and the officers proceed at once to the spot and capture the robber who has informed against himself.

Hon. Caleb Cushing leaves for England in Wednesday's steamer, on a special legal mission connected with the state department. Thus far his business is kept confidential, but it is very clearly surmised that it has reference to an adjudication of claims for damages made by this government on Great Britain for depredations of the Alabama on American commerce. It is believed that the government has accepted the proposition of Earl Russell to appoint a commission to settle such claims. Mr. Adams, our minister, was mistaken in supposing this government would decline to appoint a commission.

Working too Hard.

Go into the dwelling houses of Chicago, as the male head of the family reaches his fireside, and you shall see a man, who will hang up his hat with a sigh, and drop into a chair with a groan. He will perchance brush up and fuss up, and take off, in compliance with a social "invite," and return between eleven and twelve, with the "last straw" on his back that breaks it with weariness and fatigue.

Go into this man's store the next day and you will find a man on the jump, driven with business, on fire with anxiety, thrilled to his fingers, hands with ambition, and tired out. Through all the sprightliness and vivacity that lights his face and lightens his step you shall read the unmistakable sign of a tired man. Occasionally he pauses, and the handwriting on the countenance comes sadly out, and you read the record of a wearied, overworked man. Now and then in a moment of respite, he will lean against the desk or doorway, and look abstractedly on the floor, or complain to his companions of a severe pain in his back.

There can be no manner of doubt, then, that our business men are going it too strong. They should reign in their ambition, check their greed for gain, and give themselves more to quieter pursuits and recreative sports. Their desire to get rich is eating up their vitality, so that when the riches come they will bring an exhaustion that prevents their enjoyment. Their ambition to buy and sell on a great scale is consuming their physical strength so that they will presently be unfitted for the satisfaction that buying and selling secures. All work and no play breaks the constitution and dwarfs the mind. All business and no books wears the body and deadens the brain. —*Chicago Journal*.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Office of St. Paul and Pacific R.R. Co.

SEALING PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED by the undersigned, at the company's office in St. Paul, until the 15th of November next, for furnishing and delivering 50,000 railroad ties.

Specifications.

All ties to be of the following dimensions: Eight feet long, eight inches wide, and six inches thick. To be sawed or hewn. If hewn, the tie must be hewn on two sides, to a face of no less than eight inches.

Ties may include Norway pine, white oak, tamarack, red elm, blue ash, and hackberry.

No bid received for less than 5,000 ties. Ties to be delivered on or before the 15th day of May next, at Hastings, St. Paul, or at such points as may be designated upon the line of the road.

Payments to be made in cash upon delivery after inspection and acceptance by the company.

The undersigned reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

WILLIAM CHICKS,  
Chief Engineer.

## QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE FIRST

National Bank of Hastings, Monday, October 24, 1865.

ASSETS.

Discounts	\$101,001 39
Collection on hand	4,073 01
Real estate, furniture, and fixtures	4,124 22
Due from banks and bankers	5,187 16
Expenses	1,597 70
Specie	25,841 43
U. S. Bonds deposited with U. S. Treasurer to secure circulation	\$2,000 00
Other United States and state securities	25,700 00
Total	\$117,700 00

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid up	\$100,000 00
Surplus fund	449 30
Circulation national and state	\$7,167 50
Deposits	10,187 16
Premiums	1,056 72
Profit and loss	11,510 97
Total	\$270,370 24

STATE OF MINNESOTA.) ss.

I, L. S. FOLLETT, cashier of the First National Bank of Hastings, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

L. S. FOLLETT, Cashier.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 2d day of October, 1865.

L. VAN DYCKE,  
Notary Public.

## PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

that at the next general term of the district court to be holden in the city of Hastings, in and for the county of Dakota, on the second Tuesday of January next, at the opening of the court or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, the undersigned, proprietors of the principal portion of Pine Bend, in said Dakota County, will move for the vacation of the survey of the following described lots, blocks, and streets in said town plat, viz:

lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

By his Atty. H. G. O. MORRISON.

Pine Bend, Oct. 31st, 1865









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**HAIR RENEWER**

As the name indicates, it not only renews the growth of the hair when thin and falling off, but it positively renews the color to its original shade when it is turning grey or white, whether caused by disease or otherwise.

It will certainly do what is claimed for it, a fact to which hundreds, may, thousands, have borne witness, are ready and willing to testify. Where one bottle is fairly used, in any community, its reputation "spreads like wild fire," and is the best advertisement and recommendation we desire. In the eastern states, where the "renewer" originated, it is usually sold by young ladies as a dressing, and is to be found on the toilet tables of young men,

renewer and restorative for their grey locks and bald heads, which it changes to their entire satisfaction.

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upon receipt of one dollar by mail—thus giving you an opportunity at once for testing its excellent virtues.

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The STEAN SA and SHINGEE MILL, well known as Barnum's Mill, with the houses and buildings on the site, in Hastings Minn., will be sold at a bargain.

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8-11 BARNUM & NASH.  
Hastings, May 27, 1865.

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## THE CONSERVATIVE.

Correspondence.  
To the Editor of the Conservative:

There are times and circumstances in which not to speak out is at best to connive. Many think it enough for them that a certain party to which they belong have made the platform, and whether to their liking or not are bound to support the nominees of the party for office, and yet in heart they feel they are doing injustice to their own conscience. The only question of importance that is in issue at the coming election is whether the negro shall be elevated without qualification and allowed to vote. The republican party is the advocate of the amendment to the constitution—the democratic party reject it. Both endorse President Johnson—the democratic party plainly and emphatically, the republican or union party by innuendo.

Now it is the duty of every man to act according to the dictate of conscience and not to be led by the blind so that both fall in the ditch. Is there an intelligent man here who will conscientiously assert that the right of suffrage ought to be extended to the negro without qualification? That there are intelligent negroes to whom could be safely extended the elective franchise no sensible man will deny. I know of two colored men in our own city who are both intelligent and industrious, to whom the right of suffrage could be safely extended, but they are too intelligent to believe that any negro who might come here ought to be allowed to vote. If there were an educational qualification added to the proposed amendment how much different would it appear? We should then be encouraging the black man to exert himself for advancement, so that he could better win the state at large, and his example followed, ignorance would not be so blinding to those who stupidly refused to learn or acquire.

Now, Hon. H. M. Rice is against the amendment to the constitution because it has no qualification, and in that opinion he is endorsed by over two-thirds of the legal voters of the state and yet many who agree with him will vote for the amendment and against him because they don't belong to what is called the democratic party. They have been taught to detest the name of the government under which we live. We are all democrats who are friends to popular government. Democracy is that in which the sovereign power is lodged in the body of the people, so that we all ought to love the word democrat and the democratic party—but says Mr. so and so, the democrats were in power when the rebellion commenced, and Mr. Buchanan and others did everything to aid the rebellion, etc., and I hate the democrats, etc. There is no consistency in this—the country has grown great under democratic rule, and because Mr. Buchanan or others of the party may have done wrong its principles, "the union and the constitution, one and inseparable," are not impaired. I heard of a man once who went to a friend and told him he would like to get his name changed, because there were a good many secondhands of the same name. The friend replied that the name is good enough, Sir, if you don't spoil it. Equally good is the democracy. The democrats as well as republicans have yielded their lives for the union and devotion to their country in the late rebellion. This cry of copperhead is, to an intelligent man, stale, flat, and unprofitable. They who howl so much about the democrats and call them copperheads should be viewed with suspicion. Beware of such Pharisees, who make such high prayers in the market places, for they are "wolves in sheep's clothing."

It is well known throughout the country that H. M. Rice did all in his power to aid the late lamented President to close up the rebellion. Every one admitted that he was true to his country. "A friend in need is a friend indeed" is an old adage. Two years ago the republicans were loud in their praise of Henry M. Rice. What has he done since to deserve their ire? How base is ingratitude! Every intelligent man ought to vote for Henry M. Rice, to learn these partizan maligners that the people never forget the public acts of a man who has shown his devotion to the country in the hour of danger.

There is another reason why the people of Hastings care much to support Mr. Rice and Capt. W. Nash at the coming election. It is because they have worked for the people of Hastings in securing them a railroad, now being built. Capt. C. W. Nash, while in the legislature, framed the bill, and by a great deal of alacrity and ability worked it through. Mr. Rice has advanced all the money for expenses of trips to England by Mr. Edmund Rice and others, to induce English capitalists to take hold of the road, and put it through; the people already know the result of their enterprise. The rail road so long coveted by Hastings, by the labors of H. M. Rice and C. W. Nash is now being built. Will the people of Hastings be true to Mr. Rice and Capt. Nash, as they have been to them? We ought to remember our friends.

The platform of each party, except the negro suffrage question, is all that loyal men could require. Gen. Marshall is committed to negro suffrage, which the people do not want, that he has been in the army and testified his devotion to his country, no will deny, but thousands of men who carried a musket and received but a small pittance a month compared to his pay have done the same. Other men, not in the army, but commanding power

and respect like H. M. Rice, at the breaking out of the rebellion, tendering to President Lincoln his support in our nation's trial must not be forgotten by a grateful and magnanimous people, particularly so at the present time when a partizan press shows its bad taste by resorting to invective and falsehood.

And so.

Sheep Raising in Texas.

Wolves, dogs, and hogs are the shepherd's bane; and his folds should be wolf and hog tight. A hungry one of either will attack the flock either in the pen or on the prairie; and, if not driven off, kill half a hundred at a time. The hogs only attack the lambs, but are terribly destructive in early spring. In some regions, the woods and river bottoms are full of hogs that are wild in everything, save carrying a mark in the ear, and being the property of somebody, who, when the right time comes, will shoot them as they run, and garnish the bonns of his smoke-house with their most fattened fleeces and oily hams. The little lambs would stand a poor chance of ever being shorned, if left to fight their own wars with these long-tusked savages. But, as no shepherd is a hog owner, bristles soon give way to wool, and pork goes down, while mutton comes up. The hog owners grumble awhile, but finally move their dangerous stock to safer localities. The wolves and dogs are seeking murderers, and it is only now and then that the bullet finds one out and lays him out as well. But when they get too troublesome for longer endurance, the ranchman kills an old buck or a young steer, skins him, opens him at his entrails without taking them out, puts his horse to his buggy, hitching the carcass by a hind leg to the hind axle, and letting it drag, takes a broad sweep around his lands, bringing it back to some secluded spot not a great way from home, and leaves it well doctored up in stychnine. He then ties up his own dogs, sends word to his neighbors to do the same, and waits the motions of Providence. Growling and snarling are the fashionable music in that locality for a night or two, but thereafter wolf and dog skins are cheap for a year.—Philadelphia Press.

City Politics in Dog Days.

A correspondent, Mr. X., we will say, being on a visit to New York recently, decided to go on Sunday morning to hear Rev. Dr. Chapin. To his regret, on arriving at the church, he found not that eminent divine, but a stranger, who preached eloquently from the text, "But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." X., thought he would go to Plymouth Church in the afternoon to hear Mr. Beecher. There he found the same stranger in the pulpit, and again he listened to the expounding of the text, "But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." Somewhat vexed at his ill-success, X., having liberal views, went in the evening to Dr. Osgood's church. What was his astonishment at being compelled to listen again to the now familiar sermon, from the same clergyman. Having occasion next morning to cross the ferry, X. discovered his next neighbor to be the strange preacher, with his sermon under his arm. "I wonder what that ringing can be!" suggested the stranger modestly, as a peal of bells was heard from the opposite shore. "I suspect," returned X. savagely, eyeing the manuscript, "that Simon's wife's mother must be dead." I heard in several places yesterday that she was very dangerous last night! The rest of the voyage was without incident or conversation.—New York Independent.

In Spain etiquette was carried to such an extent as to make martyrs of their kings. Here is an instance, at which, in spite of the fatal consequences it produced, one cannot refrain from smiling. Philip III. was gravely seated by the fireplace; the fire-maker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, and his grandeur would not suffer him to raise from the chair; the domestics could not presume to enter the apartment, because it was against the etiquette. At length the Marquis de Pota appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fire; but he excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by the etiquette to perform such a function, for which the Duke of Usada ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The duke was absent; the fire burnt fiercer, and the king endured it rather than derogate from his dignity. But his blood was heated to such a degree that an erysipelas of the head appeared the next day, which, succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1821, in the 24th year of his age.

One of the most costly items of the maintenance of a railroad is the locomotive engines. The average service of a first class passenger engine is from two to five years in this country. On English railways there are engines which have been running twenty years. The very weight of our engines has a tendency to destroy the originally bad tracks, while the bad track, light, iron and insufficient ballasting is calculated to destroy the strongest engines by the terrible unevenness of the rails.

There is three times as much editorial talent and typographical excellence in the papers of the South now as there was before the rebellion. Whether they have passed into new and able hands, or whether the mighty events of the war have deepened and strengthened and intensified men's souls in the great section that has experienced such dreadful sufferings, we do not know.—Louisville Journal.

With the new year a new magazine will appear in London, the specialty of which will be poetry. Mr. Chomondaley is to be the editor, and it is said that Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Browning, and other less known poets will be numbered among the contributors. *Mason's Magazine* will be the title.

## Complimenting Editors.

A Vincennes, Ind., paper very aptly says:—"Frequently we are called upon by local societies to notice in advance fairs, festivals, concerts, dances, etc., which are to take place. This we always remember to do, but we frequently forget to extend the compliments of the occasion to the editors. They forget us altogether. We don't complain of this in a spirit of fault finding, beyond liking to receive the attention of our friends, for generally our time is too much occupied to attend these house amusements. We don't think that we are losers in the premises, but we think the societies are, for we are invited to attend, we should consider ourselves in duty bound to be present, and should put ourselves something out of the way to do so, and, as a natural consequence, would write up our impressions of the exhibition or party in more satisfactory style to the managers than we usually do after the entertainment has transpired on the mere data of somebody else who has attended. It is but common courtesy to extend complimentary tickets to editors, and it is a paying investment."

Henry Fawcett is professor of political economy in the University of Cambridge. When Mr. Fawcett was just closing his course at Cambridge, and was about to be graduated with the highest honors, he went on a hunting expedition with his father. In getting over a fence, his father's gun went off, and a shot entered each eye of his son. Both eyes were lost. The young man assured his distressed father that the accident would make no difference in his future, and how well he has kept that promise may be judged by the fact that now, at the age of thirty five, he has become the most distinguished writer on political economy, next to Mill, in England; has written a standard work on logic; and has just been elected to the house of commons for the important constituency of Brighton (the blind man ever elected to parliament.) Mr. Fawcett is fine looking, very fair complexion, full of life and humor, and a graceful and effective speaker.

Boston and its suburbs, *The Traveler* says, contains a population of four hundred thousand persons. Its property valuation will reach nearly five hundred millions of dollars. (The city alone having \$379,000,000.) This vast sum will place Boston as the richest city, per capita, probably in the world. The estimation of the people of their own merits and intelligence is beyond the power of ordinary calculation. Boston is not only the hub of the universe, but is the universe itself, and every excitement of a Bostonian's nerves he takes to be the immense intellectual activity which the people of the city are endowed with beyond all others. His brains work most accurately through his nerves, the energy of the one sometimes being mistaken for the vigor of the other.

It must not be forgotten that every democratic leader, now loud for Andrew Johnson, was indifferent to his patriotic courage in December 1860, indifferent at his attack on Breckinridge and Lane in 1862, laughed at his sufferings as refugee and opposed his appointment as military governor of Tennessee in 1861 '62; denounced his tyranny and called him an ingrate in 1863; voted against him in 1864; slandered him in 1865; and now proclaims himself in favor of Andrew Johnson's restoration or reconstruction plan without ever having done anything but assail all the other portions of his policy, including emancipation, confiscation, suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, military arrests, military trials, execution of the assassins, and the support of radicals like Holt, Stanton, and W. G. Brownlow, of Tennessee.

New carriages of a luxurious kind are about to be placed on the Nichols railway, between St. Petersburg and Moscow. In addition to a handsomely furnished saloon and smoking chamber, each carriage comprises a series of smaller apartments opening on both sides of a corridor. The sofas, ottomans, and cushions of the day time are at night converted into beds, mattresses, pillows, etc., so that the passengers can sleep with all the comforts of home. These improvements are not confined to the first class carriages, but are extended to those of the second and third class. Of course, a slight additional charge is made to passengers using the conveniences.

A number of drafted men, who had run off but returned since the end of the war, have been tried by a court martial at Detroit. One man, named William Jones, was found guilty of "desertion," and sentenced to confinement at hard labor for three months, to be dishonorably discharged, to be forever deprived of citizenship, and the sentence to be published at least in two papers published nearest his home. Sentence approved, and the state prison at Columbus, O., designated as the place of his confinement. The same penalty was inflicted in case of George Giddings, convicted of a like offense.

*The New York World* is sadly disgusted with the condition of the South. It says: "In the net of emancipation \$2,000,000,000 of property has been destroyed." Let it dry up its tears. The property of which it speaks consisted of the musics and souls of men and women. Not a fibre of them was destroyed by emancipation. They were only restored to their rightful owners. What was taken from the master was given to the slave, and the enormous array of figures only serves to show the vast amount of wealth which the whites of the South had robbed the negroes.—St. Jo. Herald.

A water-spout in the forest of Chantilly tore up six hundred trees in five minutes.

M. W. Beauchamp, Onondaga County, N. Y., sends to *The American Agriculturist* an interesting account of a farmer he formerly knew, who was born without arms. "Instead of appealing to the charitable for support, he commenced early to help himself. His first property was a hen and chickens, next a pot lamp, and afterwards a sheep. He took good care of these, and increased his stock a little at a time, until he became a prosperous farmer. Having no hands, he learned to use his toes, which were longer than common, his legs were also very flexible, and by practice he was enabled to perform most operations with ease. He put on and took off his own clothes, shaved and fed himself, milked his own cows, and took part in most labors of the farm. He was a terror to evil doers, whom he could punish with severity. He was powerful built, and was possessed of great strength in the hand and shoulders. He would but like a ram; or seize an offending urchin with his teeth and shake him with bull dog tenacity. He died at the age of seventy, having been twice married."

Practising medicine must be a good business. Logan County, a practitioner in one of the towns over there, finding himself totally unable to prescribe for all the cases of fever and ague that came to him, erected a huge bell-tower on his office, suspended a bell on it sufficiently large to be heard over the territory in which he practices, and every two hours he has a stalwart Irishman to give the peal a vigorous pull. The sick, hearing the bell, straightway take their regular dose of quinine, while the doctor has nothing to do but sit in the office and make the necessary charges in his book against every one of his patients, which, by the way, keeps him pretty busy. He had some idea of taking out a patent on his invention, but has been too busy to file his caveat, and has been compelled to postpone action in the matter until cool weather. We do not charge our medical men anything for this item, but shall expect a "dead-head" prescription when we get our next chill.—Decatur Gazette.

The crop of vegetables in Segt County, Iowa, this year, is worthy of notice. The crop of onions is without precedent. The number of bushels raised will reach one million, at an average of four hundred bushels per acre. The crop of corn is also very large. The farmers claim to have raised four hundred bushels per acre. At the present prices farmers will realize \$30 per acre, after all expenses are paid.

Two years since Mr. Geo. Going and wife, of Wilmington, Mass., while skating on a pond in that town, broke through the ice and both were drowned. A few days after their youngest child, four years of age, was drowned in the same pond where its parents perished.

**CHURCH DIRECTORY.**  
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL, St. Luke's, Carver, Rev. Dr. MERRICK, Rector. Regular services on Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. PRIMITIVE, Rev. C. S. L. DEC, Pastor. Services on Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. METHODIST, Rev. J. M. ROBERTS, Pastor. Services on Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. ROMAN CATHOLIC, Rev. F. HERTZ, Pastor. Services on Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.

**Masonic.**  
VERMILION LODGE, No. 2, R. A. M. Meetings on Friday and Saturday evening at 7 P. M. in the hall, corner of Second and Vermilion Streets. C. H. L. LANGE, H. P. S. J. M. MASON, Secretary.

DAKOTA LODGE, No. 1, F. & A. M. Meetings on 2d and 4th Wednesday in each month at their hall, corner of Second and Vermilion Streets. O. S. TAYLOR, N. G. AUGUSTUS HICKSON, Recording Secretary.

**SPECIAL NOTICES.**  
Whiskers. Whiskers. Do you want whiskers or moustache? Our Grecian Compound will force them to grow on the smoothest face or chin, or hair on the head, and will not hurt the skin. Sent by mail anywhere, closely sealed, on receipt of price.

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**HIGH! HIGH! HIGH!**  
Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!!!  
Dr. HANNAH'S NEW CURE will cure the most obstinate cases of itching humors, such as Itch, Salt Rheum, and all diseases of the skin. It is a sure and certain remedy, and will not hurt the skin. It is a sure and certain remedy, and will not hurt the skin. It is a sure and certain remedy, and will not hurt the skin.

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**SEAGRAVE SMITH,**  
Attorney at Law, Hastings, Minn. Office on First Street, in Gardner's new office block.

## LEGAL NOTICES.

**CHEIFF'S SALE.**—BY VIRTUE OF AN execution issued out of and under the seal of the district court for the fifth judicial district, in and for the county of Scott and the state of Minnesota, upon a judgment rendered in said court, on the 16th day of November, A. D. 1865, in an action wherein Terrence Brazil was plaintiff and Laurence Moran, Patrick Moran, Michael Moran, John Devlin, and Margaret Moran, wife of said Laurence Moran, were defendants, for the sum of two thousand dollars. A transcript of said judgment was duly filed and docketed on the 16th day of November, A. D. 1865, in the office of the clerk of the district court in and for said Dakota County. And whereas pursuant to an order of the supreme court of the state of Minnesota, entered on the 10th day of August, A. D. 1865, the said plaintiff on the 11th day of August, A. D. 1865, dismissed this action as against the defendant, the aforesaid Margaret Moran, and the sum of sixteen hundred and twenty-six dollars, with interest thereon from the 4th day of May, A. D. 1865, is actually due thereon.

And I have on the 16th day of October, A. D. 1865, levied said execution upon the following real estate as the property of one of the above named defendants, Laurence Moran, lying and being in the county of Dakota, and state of Minnesota, and known and described as follows, to-wit: The north one-half of the north-west quarter of section No. twenty-five (25), of township No. one hundred and fifteen (115), north of range No. twenty-one (21), west.

And notice is hereby given that at the front door of the sheriff's office, in the city of Hastings, in said Dakota County, on the 24th day of December, A. D. 1865, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder, for cash, the foregoing described premises, with all the appurtenances belonging thereto, to satisfy said execution.

Dated this 16th day of October, A. D. 1865.  
STEPHEN NEWELL,  
Sheriff of Dakota Co., Min.

**STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF DAKOTA.**—ss. Probate court.  
At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in and for said Dakota County, the 10th day of October, A. D. 1865. Present: Seagrave Smith, Judge.

In the matter of the petition of John C. Bassett, the executor of the last will and testament of George W. Rice, late of Kalamazoo, Michigan, deceased, praying for license to sell forth in said petition that following described real estate of said deceased, lying and being situated in the county of Dakota, in the state of Minnesota, to-wit: The south-east quarter of section eighteen (18), and the south-east quarter of section twenty-eight (28), in township one hundred and fifteen (115), north of range No. twenty-one (21), west.

On reading and filing said petition it is ordered that the same be heard at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said Dakota County, on the 27th day of November, A. D. 1865, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, and all persons interested in said estate are requested to appear at said time and place and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of said hearing be given by publishing a copy of this order in the *Hastings Conservative*, a newspaper printed and published in the city of Hastings in said county, once in each week for four successive weeks prior to said 27th day of November, A. D. 1865.

SEAGRAVE SMITH,  
Judge of Probate.

**STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF DAKOTA.**—ss. Probate court.  
At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in and for said Dakota County, the 10th day of October, A. D. 1865. Present: Seagrave Smith, Judge.

In the matter of the petition of John C. Bassett, the executor of the last will and testament of George W. Rice, late of Kalamazoo, Michigan, deceased, praying for license to sell forth in said petition that following described real estate of said deceased, lying and being situated in the county of Dakota, in the state of Minnesota, to-wit: The south-east quarter of section eighteen (18), and the south-east quarter of section twenty-eight (28), in township one hundred and fifteen (115), north of range No. twenty-one (21), west.

On reading and filing said petition it is ordered that the same be heard at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said Dakota County, on the 27th day of November, A. D. 1865, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, and all persons interested in said estate are requested to appear at said time and place and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in the *Hastings Conservative*, a newspaper printed and published in the city of Hastings, in said county, once in each week for three successive weeks prior to said 27th day of November, A. D. 1865.

SEAGRAVE SMITH,  
Judge of Probate.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.**—NOTICE is hereby given that in pursuance and by virtue of a license granted to me by the probate court, in and for the county of Dakota, in the state of Minnesota, on the 11th day of October, A. D. 1865, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction at the premises hereafter described, in the town of Randolph, in said county, the following described real estate, belonging to the estate of William V. Vail, late of said county, deceased, lying and being situated in said county, to-wit: The south-west quarter of the south-east quarter of the north-west quarter of section nine (9), in township one hundred and twelve (112), range eighteen (18), west.

Oct. 11th, 1865.  
HENRY H. VAIL,  
Administrator.

## LEGAL NOTICES.

**STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF DAKOTA.**—ss. Probate court.  
At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in and for said county, this 10th day of October, A. D. 1865. Present: Seagrave Smith, Judge.

In the matter of the petition of Clarissa Scott, the guardian of Benjamin U. Scott, Jane K. Scott, Minnie E. Scott, and Ira J. Scott, minors, residing in said county, praying for reasons set forth in said petition for a license to sell the following described real estate of said minors, lying and being situated in said county, to-wit: Commencing at the north-east corner of lot seven (7), in section two (2), in township twenty-seven (27), north of range twenty-two (22), west, thence westerly three thousand nine hundred and eighty-one and a half feet to a stake, thence south, thence easterly on a line parallel with the westerly line thereof to the Mississippi River, thence along the bank of said river to the place of beginning.

On reading and filing said petition it is ordered that the same be heard at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, on the 15th day of November, A. D. 1865, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, and all persons interested in their said estate are directed to appear at said time and place to show cause (if any they have) why said license should not be granted.

It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of the hearing of said petition be given by publishing a copy of this order in the *Hastings Conservative*, a newspaper printed and published in the city of Hastings, in said county, once in each week for three successive weeks prior to said 15th day of November, A. D. 1865.

SEAGRAVE SMITH,  
Judge of Probate.

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GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY.

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S. G. Renick, L. B. Follett, Stephen Gardner, H. H. Pringle, A. W. Gardner.

Hastings, Sept. 1, 1864.

22-1f

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89-1f

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## PUBLICATIONS.

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